

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXIV. No. 2391

London  
May 7th, 1947



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION  
IN THE  
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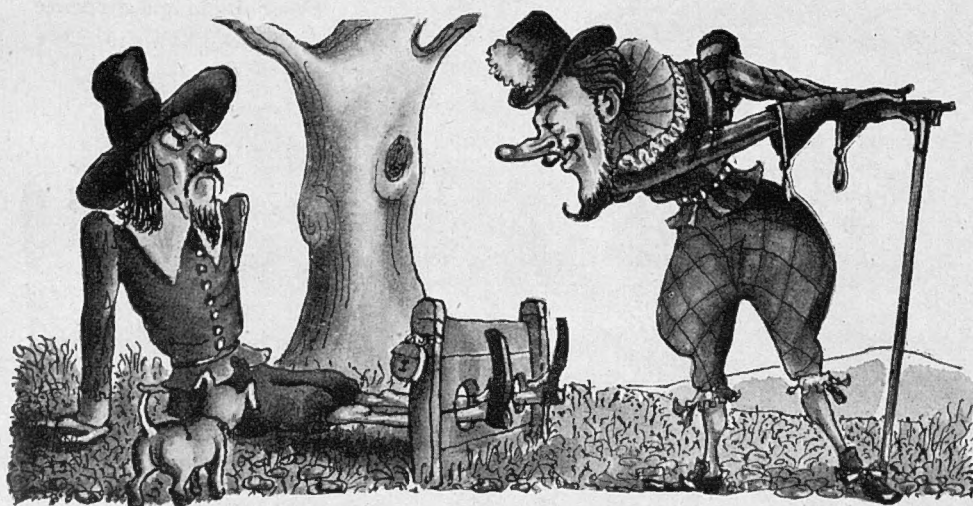


Swæbe

**MRS. A. W. S. MALLABY WITH HER CHILDREN**

Mrs. Mallaby is the widow of Brigadier A. W. S. Mallaby, C.I.E., O.B.E., who was killed while on active service in Java in October, 1945, and the daughter of Maj.-Gen. Leslie Jones, C.B. She lives at Camberley with her children Christopher, eleven, Anthony, eight and Susan, six. Mrs. Mallaby is a connoisseur of china, and has a fine collection





Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

## Portraits in Print

**ORDERED:** "That Mr. Bradlaugh having disobeyed the order and resisted the authority of the House be for his said offence taken into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms attending this House and that Mr. Speaker do issue his warrant accordingly." Whereupon the grim, tough old atheist was marched away to the Clock Tower and there remained at the pleasure of the Committee of Privileges until he had cooled off.

So far as they know in the House Library, that (1880) was the last occasion on which the sweeping and august powers of the Committee were so used. It seemed to me a point worth inquiring about for there has recently been much ill-informed talk on what the Committee may or may not do. This much is certain: any M.P. incurring the Committee's wrath could, even today, have a most uncomfortable time of it—only the least of which could be a sojourn in the Clock Tower. There he would be under the stern eye of the present Serjeant-at-Arms (for the Commons), Brigadier Sir Charles Alfred Howard, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., sometime A.D.C. to Sir Redvers Buller, while above Big Ben ticked away the minutes and boomed the hours. He would, in those high-ceilinged, panelled rooms, doubtless have time to recall what Henry Scobell wrote in his *Memorials of Methods and Manners of Proceedings of Parliament*: "But the Committee of Privileges and Elections hath always had precedence over all other Committees. This Committee is constituted of particular Members, named by the House."

### Floyd's Folly

SCOBELL was Clerk of Parliament in 1648, and what he then wrote remains true today. The Committee is the main body for protecting

the personal liberties of the Members and its function is to see that they are not abused, and so it protects Members individually and the dignity of the House as a whole. The case of Mr. Floyd will have been within the recollection of old Scobell. This character seems to have spoken offensively in respect of James I's daughter and her husband, the Elector Palatine. What he said is not on [my] record, but the Committee of the Commons first dealt with the matter and they sentenced Floyd to pay a fine, stand twice in the pillory to which he was to ride sitting backwards on a horse with that patient creature's tail in his hands.

At this point the Committee discovered that it was not in fact competent to deal with Master Floyd because of the nature of the case. So then the House of Lords Committee of Privileges took over. They took an even graver view of the affair and smartly sentenced Floyd to all the punishments mistakenly meted out by the Commoners and added further that he be branded with a "K" on the forehead, be whipped at the cart's wheel and imprisoned for life in Newgate. Moreover, this paean of savagery appears to have been carried out in full measure.

The pillory did not disappear from this isle until 1837, when an Act of Parliament banned its further use. A couple used to stand in Palace Yard—an imaginative touch for which the current would-be-legislators had to thank Archbishop Laud and the Star Chamber—and your correspondent's old stand-by, "Gossip" Garrard was writing thus to his patron, Lord Strafford, in 1637: "The sentence of the Star Chamber against Burton, Bastwick and Prynne was executed in the two pillories in Palace yard. They stood for two hours in the pillory. The place was full of people who

cried and howled terribly—especially when Burton was cropped [his ears cut off]. Dr. Bastwick was very merry; his wife, Dr. Poe's daughter, got on a stool and kissed him. His ears being cut off, she called for them, put them in a clean handkerchief and carried them away with her. Bastwick told the people that the lords had collar days at court, but this was his collar day; rejoicing much in it. The sufferers were cheered with the acclamation of the lookers-on, notes were taken of all they said and manuscript copies distributed through the city."

### Post of Honour

BASTWICK's painful triumph in the pillory was emulated and vastly improved upon sixty-six years later by Daniel Defoe, of imperishable memory. That great pamphleteer and author fell into considerable trouble when William III, his protector, died. The unsigned *Shortest Way with the Dissenters* infuriated the Government who well knew Defoe to be the author; they offered a £50 reward for the apprehension of "a middle-sized spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes and a mole near his mouth." Rather than have his printer and publisher suffer in his stead, Daniel surrendered himself and was fined 200 marks, condemned to be pilloried three times, sentenced to indefinite imprisonment and told to find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years. On July 29, 1703, the satirist stood unabashed (and not ear-less since that aspect of the pillory was no longer in vogue) on the pillory in Cheapside. He was there again the following day and did his third spell in the Temple. Here a sympathizing crowd flung at Daniel garlands instead of rotten eggs and garbage. They cheered him and called upon him ceaselessly for speeches.

One way and another, it was quite a splendid affair—capped, as we know, with Daniel's brilliant *Hymn to Pillory* from which we need only quote:

Tell them the men that placed him here,  
Are scandals to the times;  
Are at a loss to find his guilt,  
And can't commit his crimes!

### Roads Up, Spirits Down

THE most casual London traveller will have noted that the Road-Up-for-Repair season is with us. None enjoys it, but all are persuaded of its necessity. The thoughtful observer and sufferer will frown upon the often unkind remarks which it occasions and which largely fall upon the grizzled heads of the repair men; these are much-maligned persons, the butt for many a near-wit, the target of drawings which seek to be amusing, and the objects of malediction, execration and imprecation by motor drivers. Employers see in them the potent cause of wasted hours by errand boys and clerks alike; suborned from the proper matters of their business, these latter are likely to stand bewitched at the pleasing spectacle of others working whilst they idle.

It can be no just part of my job to add to this clamour. These are honest men working at honest and important affairs. The fault, as I see it, lies elsewhere. Undoubtedly great dislocation of traffic is caused and thousands of valuable hours are lost; vast amounts of





petrol are wasted. Could not all this—or much of it—be prevented by the work being carried on through the night as well as the day?

Hereabouts is required another Field Marshal George Wade, one of Marlborough's men, whose fame as a soldier is out-distanced by his talent as a roadmaker.

Had you seen these roads before they were made,

You'd have lifted up your hands and blessed General Wade.

In 1724 he was sent to the Highlands to make a thorough investigation of the country and its people and two years later, having meantime been appointed commander-in-chief to give effect to his own recommendations, he began his great system of metalled roads, employing five hundred soldiers for the work at sixpence a day extra pay. When the men had any extra hard work, the field marshal slaughtered an ox and gave them a feast—adding something liquid wherewith to drink the king's health.

It is freely granted that an ox is not easily come by these days and the available "something liquid" is likely to be near-beer or some such. But are there not floodlights which will

sufficiently turn night into day and thus produce a similar result? At my local Southern Railway station this is indeed being done with benefit to all concerned.

#### Financial Note.

THE current chatter (and worse) respecting the long and uneasy list of persons who have found their holidays abroad more expensive than they bargained for, is getting somewhat stale and little enough that is even mildly diverting has issued therefrom. Thus, I am moved to record a short but noble verbal passage between Mr. Dalton and Mr. Richard Adams (Balham and Tooting) which seems to have gone unnoticed. Mr. Adams asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer what sums were allotted during 1946 to travellers from this country for commercial and non-commercial uses outside the sterling area. Mr. Dalton replied, about £9 million and £13 million, respectively.

Mr. Adams: Has the Chancellor formed any estimate of the additional money that has been "Max-Intrated" through unorthodox banking channels?

Mr. Dalton: We are after these rogues. We have caught a few, and hope to catch some more.

George Bilainkin.

## VISITING MIDDLE EAST

**CAIRO.**—Leaders in every country in the rising Near and Middle East speak of the tall, lean, sharp-jawed Briton who for twenty-one crowded, changing years has served as Oriental Secretary in the British Embassy in Cairo. I found Sir Walter Alexander Smart, K.C.M.G., mild in voice and manner, but singularly angular in phrase, looking out of a dark if roomy office at a strongly barred window.

There is about Smart a contempt for the needless word that comes not only of a strict classical education at Clifton, but also of years spent in France, before he went on to row in bumping races for Jesus at Cambridge.

What is an Oriental Secretary? Primarily he keeps an ambassador and minister in touch with currents in the local Press; prevents an ambassador from muddling invitations so that life-long family enemies occupy adjoining seats at his table; forecasts the trend in local parties; fills in the inevitable gaps in knowledge possessed by an envoy whose stay may not be long.

I listened to the unemotional speech of the deeply tanned, blue-eyed Orientalist whose minutes, often but a few uttered words, have changed the current of history in the Near East for thirty years. I reflected on the pages in the career that shifted from Tabriz to Tangier, New York to Fez, Salonica to Teheran, Aleppo to Beirut, Damascus, and finally, on April 1, 1926, to the city on the banks of the Nile. Smart's thumbnail pictures of the stars in the Arab firmament lack nothing in ironic gloss.

Smart says that Persian is his real language. When he retires soon, at sixty, to read and garden in his beloved Normandy, perhaps to write, he will have the company of many dreams. He will see again the fallen giants, and will, I fancy, think of the men he helped through the mazes of Near Eastern diplomacy.

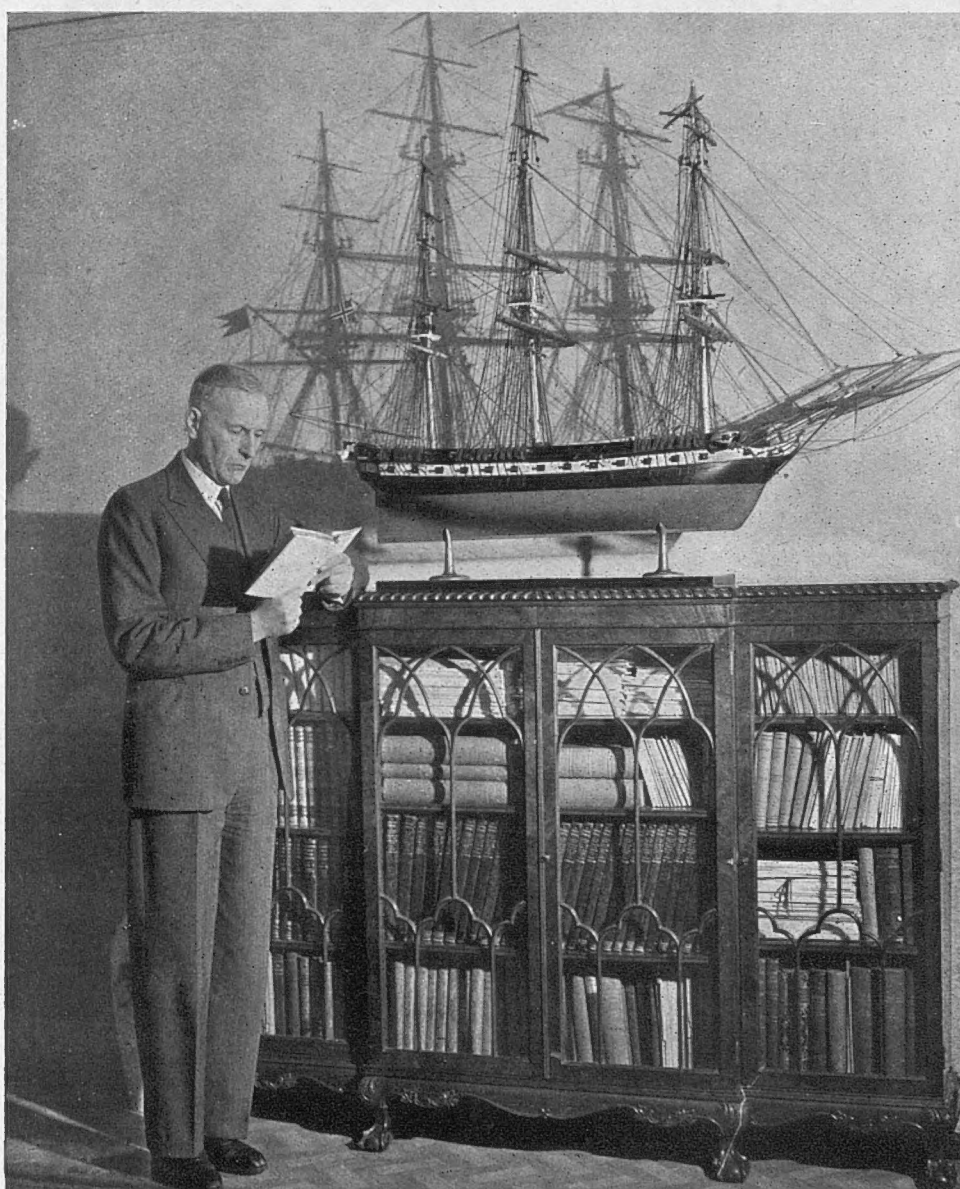
MANY Britons in London, particularly those who know Egypt, will be glad to learn of the activities of the Egyptian Minister and later Ambassador at St. James's, Hafiz Afifi Pasha, who returned here to become head of the Bank Misr. Afifi, compact and thick-set, with a strong nose and vigorous hands, controls many of the bank subsidiaries and a variety of interests touching entertainment, culture, industry. But, in his superbly designed office, I heard of the great social experiment for which he has been responsible in Egypt's "Manchester," at Mehalla. Here are being laid the beginnings of the New Egypt, where men, women and children are to enjoy opportunities for communal life, education and recreation on a scale worthy of the patrons. Afifi has vast responsibilities, and prospects.

As I see the foreign diplomatists struggling with the problems of tomorrow and the day after, I recall that Cairo still smiles. Cairo realizes that it lives and laughs amid the relics of Babylonian, Roman and Coptic antiquities.

They are yesterday. Today is here and tomorrow may bring Cairo into another Arabian era. The Arabs form between them a flank of sixty-five to eighty million Moslems, a mighty instrument of which the directors sit here, touching first one lever and then another. A measureless responsibility, the burden of which is written clearly on the faces of those statesmen and their auxiliaries who I have chanced to meet.



Sir Walter Smart, K.C.M.G., is Britain's Oriental Secretary in Cairo



Pictorial Press

## THE NORWEGIAN AMBASSADOR

His Excellency Mons. P. Prebensen, the Norwegian Ambassador, who succeeded M. Eric Colban last November, reading in his study at the Embassy, 10 Prince's Gate, W.8. The model ship is an exceptionally fine representation of the "Freia," a nineteenth-century Norwegian frigate





## SHOW GUIDE

### Straight Plays

**Jane** (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

**She Wanted a Cream Front Door** (Apollo). Robertson Hare and Peter Haddon romp gaily through the intricacies of the divorce court.

**The Man From the Ministry** (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

**The Guinea Pig** (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

**The White Devil** (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

**Power Without Glory** (Fortune). Real life thriller with psychological angle and first-rate performance from all members of the cast.

**Born Yesterday** (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

**The Eagle Has Two Heads** (Globe). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

**Present Laughter** (Haymarket). Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling satirical comedy for a twelve-weeks season, with Noel Coward and Joyce Carey in their original parts.

**The Winslow Boy** (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Emlyn Williams and Frederick Leister.

**The Old Vic Theatre Company** (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist* and *Richard II* with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, and Alec Guinness.

**Othello and Candida** (Piccadilly). Jack Hawkins, Fay Compton, Anthony Quayle and Morland Graham with an excellent company in a revival of these two famous plays.

**Birthmark** (Playhouse). Mystery and suspense is the keynote of this play dealing with a reincarnation of Eva Braun, with Louise Hampton.

**Peace Comes to Peckham** (Princes). R. F. Delderfield's new comedy deals with the impact on Peckham of two returned evacuees from America. Most ably acted by Bertha Belmore, Leslie Dwyer and an enthusiastic cast.

**Donald Wolfitt's Shakespeare Season** (Savoy). With Jonson's *Volpone*. Donald Wolfitt, Frederick Valk, Richard Goolden, and Rosalind Iden.

**Call Home the Heart** (St. James's). "There are more things in Heaven and earth . . ." proves Clemence Dane in her new play, which has magnificent performances in it from Dame Sybil Thorndike, Valerie White and Leon Quartermaine.

**Fifty-Fifty** (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

**Now Barabbas** (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

**No Room At The Inn** (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

**Clutterbuck** (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

### With Music

**Bless the Bride** (Adelphi). C. B. Cochran's new musical operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

**Sweetest and Lowest** (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

**The Dancing Years** (Casino). Ivor Novello's famous musical romance revived with Barry Sinclair as the Viennese composer. A colourful production, and the evergreen music of this piece makes it as pleasant entertainment as ever.

**Perchance to Dream** (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

**Romany Love** (His Majesty's). Melville Cooper and Helena Bliss from America are the leading singers in this most pleasing operatic comedy in the grand tradition.

*The King (Alec Guinness) surrenders his crown in an excess of bitterness which the glowering receiver, Bolingbroke (Harry Andrews), does nothing to modify*

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



*York and Northumberland (Sir Lewis Casson and Nicholas Hannen), two of the nobles who set their faces against the King's wit and wayward ways*



*John of Gaunt, whose mental vision becomes clearer under the burden of old age, is movingly played by Sir Ralph Richardson*



At the

"Richard II"

THIS was certainly the time for the Old Vic to give us the most delicately English of all plays. Seeing the countryside agleam in its verse should be as good as a spring journey through the coloured counties.

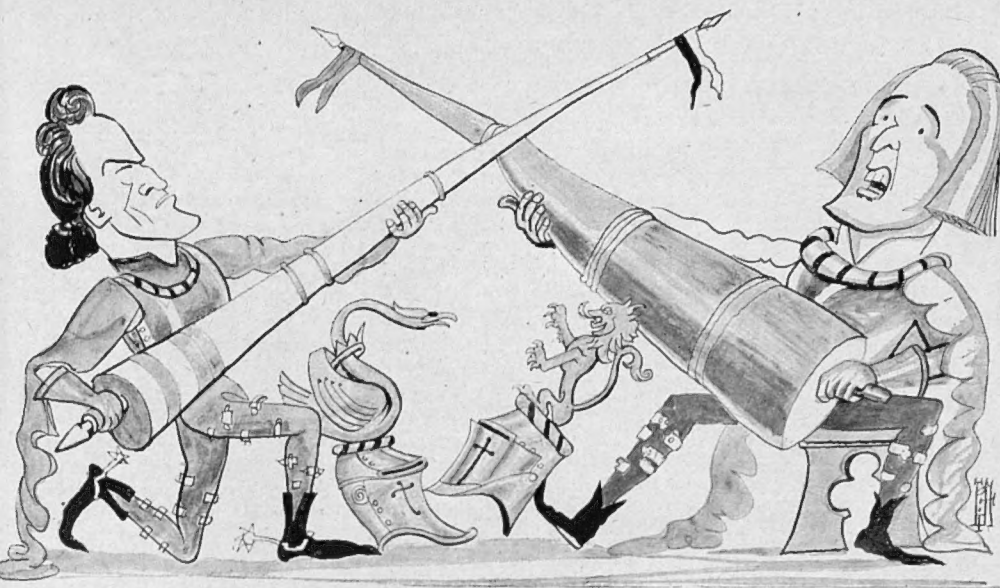
Shakespeare had a very poor opinion of our forbears, the noble knights and "barons bold," who jostled for position round hapless Richard's throne. Yet from the rough lips of these unprincipled rogues streams such choice unforced eloquence in praise of the English scene that we cannot but think them a little better than they are.

We have at least one passionate liking in common with them. They live in "the fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land." The banished must "sigh their English breath in foreign clouds," and having to forgo their native English, feel their tongues are no more to them than "an unstrung viol." Richard returning from his foolish Irish foray stoops tenderly to touch the dear earth with his hand, "weeping, smiling," and to the dying Gaunt the sceptred isle is in good set terms this "other Eden, demi-paradise."

They see themselves as possessors of a sunny realm fenced off by the silver sea from a continent thick with perpetual fog. It is a pleasing illusion which we have all on some fine day felt to be simple truth, and to listen to the talk of these accomplished barbarians is to enjoy a succession of fine days.

BUT something has gone a little—not ruinously, but a little—wrong with the Old Vic's capital notion of adding this play to its repertory. Mr. Alec Guinness is a mighty fine actor, but he succeeds only in showing us the less interesting side of Richard's character, the foppish, feckless, recklessly spiteful side. In the arbitrariness of the king whose acute intelligence is unbearably bored with the highfalutin' "bitter clamour" of Bolingbroke and Mowbray, in his passing of the capricious sentence of banishment upon them both, in





*Bolingbroke and Mowbray (Harry Andrews and Peter Copley), measure their lances before the vacillating Richard exiles the pair of them*

# Theatre

## (New Theatre)

his intolerable gaiety while Gaunt is dying in front of his eyes, in his follies, his arranges and in his assurance of intellectual superiority Mr. Guinness is excellent.

Plume-fooled Richard may be acted, and Mr. Guinness acts him delightfully; but plume-plucked Richard, the deposed monarch who apprehends with something of an artist's detachment the process of his own ruin, can only be brought to the stage on a strain of melodious sound. This actor's voice has not the necessary music. For music he offers realistic acting. We should be able to pity Richard as he pities himself, so exquisitely does he sing his woes, but the tragic pathos that belongs to him is not to be encompassed by realistic acting, however intelligent.

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON's production, in many ways admirable, is handicapped by the setting of tall ornamental pillars which never ceases to worry the spectator. This scaffolding lends itself to a succession of sliding and dropping curtains, but only with obtrusive ingenuity, and it gives the actors no real support. Sir Ralph's playing of Gaunt is most telling in its restraint; and, incidentally, the hollow-cheeked "make-up" must surprise and gratify those who have regretfully maintained that this actor must always want the tragic profile.

The ambitious and polite Bolingbroke of Mr. Harry Andrews could scarcely be bettered, and Sir Lewis Casson will, once he is more at ease with the words of York, make a grimly amusing character sketch of a statesman in a cruel dilemma. Miss Margaret Leighton makes a graceful figure of the shadowy Isabella, and Mr. Nicholas Hannen speaks Northumberland well. Indeed, it is an evening rich in good things, for the measure of our general disappointment is the measure of what has come to be expected of our national company.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



*Richard II (Alec Guinness), who so uneasily wears his crown amid the turmoil of his intriguing court*

## BACKSTAGE



WHEN *Life With Father* opens at the Savoy on June 5 London will see the play which has been running in New York since November, 1939. In its first seven years it has been visited by six million people in the States and has grossed nearly ten million dollars.

In addition to the New York production it has been toured by four companies and has played in Canada with equal success. It has already been presented in Holland, Spain, S. America, Australia, Sweden and Italy, and Paris will see it soon.

During the Broadway run the parts of Father and Mother (in which Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart will appear) have been changed eleven times, the players at one time or another including Howard Lindsay (part-author with Russell Crouse), Arthur Margetson and Lillian Gish.

ONE of the leading optimists in the theatre is surely Robert Atkins who begins the fifteenth consecutive season of plays in Regent's Park on May 22 with *Twelfth Night*. This is the ninth year in which he has been in control of everything but the elements. When I asked him, recalling the dismal summer of 1946, whether he wasn't nervous, he replied, "No, I'm just hopeful."

He reminded me that in 1933 Sydney Carroll engaged a weather expert to issue forecasts for the guidance of playgoers but the experiment was hardly a success. "Whenever he predicted bad weather it turned out fine and vice versa," said Atkins.

*Twelfth Night*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It* are generally the biggest draws in Regent's Park, though Atkins has found such non-Shakespearian plays as *Bride's Tobias* and *the Angel* and Milton's *Comus* very popular. This season he will include that delightful Chinoiserie *Lady Precious Stream* in the greensward repertory.

FRANK ALLENBY takes over the part of the K.C. in *The Winslow Boy* at the Lyric on May 26 as Emyln Williams is leaving the cast in order to appear in his new ghost play, *Trespas*, which opens in Manchester on June 9. It will be some weeks before it comes to London at a theatre not yet fixed.

Though the action takes place in a castle in Wales it will not be a Welsh play. Williams will be seen as an Italian peasant turned spiritualistic medium, with that gifted actress Françoise Rosay as a French countess. Though she has appeared in British films, and during the war gave some dramatic recitals in London, this will be her first appearance in an English play.

SONNY and Binnie Hale are starting out on a long tour with their new revue *All Hale*, at Leicester on May 26, and they hope to bring it to the West End in the autumn.

Rather odd to think that this will be the first time in their long stage experience that they have appeared in a show together.

YOUTH is decidedly the keynote of *Oklahoma* at Drury Lane. The company numbers fifty and apart from only two players it is composed of young people between the ages of twenty and twenty-three.

None of them come here as stars. Their names are quite unknown to London playgoers, but just as it happened when *The Belle of New York* took London by storm in the far-off days of 1898, most of the leading artists, I predict, will be regarded as stars before long.

Among them are Dorothy Macfarland, a comedienne who began in the ranks of the New York production before being promoted to her present part; Harold Keel, the hero; Betty Jane Watson, the heroine, and Erik Kristen, the leading ballet dancer who, Danish-born, went to America as a boy.

PATRICK HAMILTON, whose novel *Slaves of Solitude* will be published in June, tells me that he has just completed a new play, a modern thriller, which Linnit and Dunfee are to present.

Shortly this firm, which has an established success in *Now Barabbas* . . . at the Vaudeville, will present at the Embassy a new comedy by Peter Blackmore, author of *Lot's Wife*. Its title is *Ultra-marine*, and Nora Swinburne and Ronald Ward will head the cast.

Beaumont Kent



JAMES AGATE

# At The Pictures

## Two of Those

LEGENDS are not made out of nothing. An actress who has become legend must have something—legs, incredible jewels, fabulous youth, even talent. It is this last which has turned Ethel Barrymore into legend. Does anybody deny that Ethel is legend? Listen to Damon Runyon:

This Ambrose Hammer is a short, chubby guy, with big, round, googly eyes, and a very innocent expression, and in fact it is this innocent expression that causes many guys to put Ambrose away as slightly dumb, because it does not seem possible that a guy who is around Broadway as long as Ambrose can look so innocent unless he is dumb.

He is what is called a dramatic critic by trade, and his job is to write pieces for the paper about the new plays that somebody is always producing on Broadway, and Ambrose's pieces are very interesting indeed, as he loves to heave the old harpoon into actors if they do not act to suit him, and as it will take a combination of Katherine Cornell, Jimmy Durante and Lillian Gish to really suit Ambrose, he is generally in there harpooning away very good.

Well, while we are standing on the corner boosting the daylight, who comes along but a plain-clothes copper by the name of Marty Kerle, and he stops to give us a big good-morning. Personally, I have no use for coppers, even if they are in plain clothes, but I believe in being courteous to them at all times, so I give Marty a big good-morning right back at him, and ask him what he is doing out and about at such an hour, and Marty states as follows:

"Why," Marty says, "some doll who claims she is housekeeper for Mr. Justin Veezee just telephones the station that she finds Mr. Justin Veezee looking as if he is very dead in his house over here in West Fifty-sixth Street, and I am going there to investigate this rumour. Maybe," Marty says, "you will wish to come along with me."

"Mr. Justin Veezee?" Ambrose Hammer says. "Why, my goodness gracious, this cannot be true, because I hear he is in the Club Soudan only a few hours ago watching the Arabian acrobatic dancer turn flip-flops, and one thing and another, although personally," Ambrose says, "I do not think she is any more Arabian than Miss Ethel Barrymore."

Which sets the seal on Ethel as legend and at the same time makes it difficult for me to understand why she should appear in *The Farmer's Daughter* (Odeon, Marble Arch), which is about a young woman called Katie who wants to become a Congresswoman. Perhaps the reason that I did not care for this film was that owing to circumstances beyond my control I only saw the last half, though I am convinced that if I had seen the first half I should have hated it twice as much.

But then I am allergic to elections, and particularly to Americans who attend election meetings with their pockets stuffed with so much paper that any three of them can at any moment turn the whole thing into a blinding snowstorm. In the end I withdrew my attention from the film and concentrated on Ethel's countenance, one half of which has all John's rancorous beauty while the other half basks in Lionel's whimsicality.

WHAT a life is that of a film critic! I had barely returned to sanity when it became my duty to see *Song of Scheherazade* (Carlton).

Permit me to quote from the synopsis, whose style is not to be bettered.

Homeward bound in 1865 from a world cruise, the Russian Naval training ship "Almaz" is becalmed in a hot Spanish-Moroccan port. Captain Vladimir Gregorovitch, the hard-bitten, chain-smoking commander, gives the young cadets shore leave. Among them are Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakov and Klin the ship's doctor who, both being musical, set off to find the nearest piano to try out an opera that Rimsky-Korsakov has composed on the voyage. The only piano they can find is in the villa of Madame de Talavera and they barge in and start playing. Madame de Talavera's fiery daughter, Cara, who is secretly dancing at a low-class Arab café to earn money to maintain her extravagant mother, listens from upstairs.

Now let me suggest a plot to one of our more enterprising film companies. The hero is William Wibberley, born in 1640 near Shrewsbury, the son of a well-to-do country gentleman. At the age of fifteen he is sent to be educated in France. At twenty he is sent to Queen's College, Oxford. Leaving Oxford, he enters himself at the Middle Temple, takes up the law and at once proceeds to drop it. Wibberley is now in the course of being taken up by the fashionable world, and the only careers open to him he considers to be those of pleasure and the stage. His first comedy is produced when the author is thirty-two, although he stoutly maintains to the world that he wrote it at the age of nineteen and

before going to Oxford. Critics hold that this can not possibly be true, basing their view on the belief that no boy of that age could have written scenes so utterly callous, heartless and depraved. Wibberley's second comedy is produced in 1673. But now the second Dutch war is raging, and it is fashionable for young men of rank to go to sea, though they may be unable to keep their feet in a breeze. Wibberley therefore goes to sea and actually takes part in a naval engagement. Two years later his third play is produced, and two years after that his fourth play.

Then comes the turning-point in Wibberley's career. The King, who at this time is looking for a man of education to be the tutor of his son, the young Duke of Richmond, fixes upon Wibberley. Having got the job, the dramatist goes off for a jaunt to Tunbridge, where, looking into a bookseller's shop, to his great delight he hears a handsome woman ask for his last play, which has just been published. In those gay Restoration days it is the ambition of every young man about town to marry a young, handsome and rich widow and squander her fortune among the women of the town. The lady in the book-shop turns out to be the Countess of Drogheda, a widow and possessor of a large fortune. She accepts Wibberley, and the pair, believing that the marriage might not fit in with the King's plans about the Duke of Richmond, agree upon a secret wedding. But the secret cannot be kept and the favour of the court is withdrawn from the dramatist.

And now Lady Drogheda turns out to be both ill-tempered and extravagantly jealous. She herself has been a maid-of-honour at the court of Charles II at Whitehall, and knows all about the manners of the fine gentlemen of the time. The poor wastrel finds his pleasures sadly restricted. The Countess does indeed allow him to meet his friends in a tavern at Bow Street, opposite his own house, but she forces him in summer and in winter alike to sit with the window open and the blinds up so that she may be satisfied that no woman is of the party. Ultimately the shrew dies, leaving her husband the whole of her fortune. But the title to the property is disputed, the costs of the subsequent litigation are overwhelming, and finally Wibberley is thrown into prison, languishing in the Fleet for seven years utterly forgotten. He appeals for a loan of twenty pounds to his publisher, who has made a fortune out of printing his plays. The loan is refused! The comedies, however, still hold the stage and draw great audiences. But still nobody troubles about the situation of the author.

Finally, James II, who has succeeded to the throne, happens to go to the theatre on an evening when one of Wibberley's plays is being acted. The King is so pleased by the play that he pays Wibberley's most pressing debts, releases him from prison and settles on him a pension of two hundred a year. At this point old Wibberley, the father, dies and the son comes into the family estate. Eleven days before his death at the age of seventy-five he marries a young girl, and on the day before his death calls her to the bedside and asks her to grant his last dying wish. Upon her promising he says, "My dear, it is only this, that you will never again marry an old man."

THE above, of course, would be turned down by every film company on the ground of its supreme improbability, the point being that every word of it is absolutely true except that the name of the dramatist who went to the Dutch wars was not Wibberley but Wycherley. Wherefore I conceive it possible that some filmgoers may be able to believe in the Technicolor pranks of Rimsky-Korsakov. But not, dear readers of the *Tatler*, your embittered critic.



*Sister Ruth (Kathleen Byron) the rebel nun in "Black Narcissus," whose nerve, undermined by the evil atmosphere of the Himalayan palace in which she teaches, finally snaps with tragic results*





*Allegro Wunenburger, half-sister to Lord Vivian, Caroline Kirkwood, the Hon. Victor Vivian, the Hon. Nicholas Vivian and the Hon. Sally Ann Vivian. The last three are children of Lord Vivian, who is a partner in the presentation of the show*



*Miss S. Mitchell and Capt. John Hillyer, two of the audience who enjoyed the new Cochran "occasion" so much*



*Lady Peel (Bee Lillie, the actress), wearing an unusual hat, was sitting with Mr. Murray Matheson*



*Mrs. John Pudney, daughter of Sir Alan Herbert, who wrote the libretto, chats to C. B. Cochran*



*Constance Collier, over from America, and Mrs. C. B. Cochran with Sir Louis Sterling*



*Mrs. Michael Powell (right), wife of one of the joint authors, arriving with Mrs. Davis*

## FIRST NIGHTS—"Bless the Bride" and "Black Narcissus"

Mr. C. B. Cochran's new musical, in association with Lord Vivian, featuring Georges Guétary and Lizbeth Webb, had an enthusiastic reception at the Adelphi. Jennifer describes the first night on page 170

Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger have once again written and directed a film with a very distinctive impress in this drama of nuns fighting old magic in the high Himalayas



## The Staffordshire Society Dinner



*The Home Secretary, Mr. J. Chuter Ede, was a guest of honour at the annual Staffordshire Society dinner at Grosvenor House recently. On his right are the Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. E. S. Woods, and Lady Webb-Johnson, and on his left Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson, president of the Society, and Mrs. Woods*



*Mrs. D. H. Allport, Col. Stanley Webb-Johnson, Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson, president of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lady Webb-Johnson and Mr. D. H. Allport*



*Mrs. H. Leason, Lady Mayoress of Stoke-on-Trent, Lord Bagot, Mr. James Cadman and Alderman Harry Leason, Lord Mayor of Stoke-on-Trent, were other distinguished guests*



*Mr. A. J. H. Binns, vice-chairman of the Society, Mrs. Binns, Mrs. Russell Cowan, Mr. Russell Cowan and Mrs. J. Collom*



*Miss Dorothy Meynell, Capt. C. Meynell, Lord Justice Wrottesley, Lady Dorothy Meynell, Lady Wrottesley and Cdr. Humphrey Legge*



## Coming-of-Age Party for Lt. Henry St. John- Mildmay



Miss Jenkinson and Captain John Renton, two of the guests at the party, which was held at the Mirabelle



Capt. O'Donovan and Miss Susan Turle enjoying cocktails at this very successful and pleasant event



Lady St. John-Mildmay, Lieut. St. John-Mildmay, and his father, Sir Anthony St. John-Mildmay, who gave the party



Sir Ronald Adam, Chairman of the British Council, Alan Melville, the South African captain, the Earl of Athlone, President of the Club, Mr. A. S. Frames, South African manager, and Lord Aberdare, Chairman of the Club. The luncheon was at the Savoy

## British Sportsmen's Club Luncheon

To Welcome South African Cricket Team



Mr. F. G. Mann, of the famous cricketing family, and O. C. Dawson, of the South African team



Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Rait Kerr and Sir C. Aubrey Smith, the famous actor, who is on holiday from Hollywood



Mr. C. Douglas Ingram and Mr. Ralph Metyard were two more of the guests



Sir Malcolm Campbell, the Hon. D. C. Moore Brabazon, Lord Brabazon's heir, and Earl Howe



Sir C. Aubrey Smith meets two members of the South African team, D. W. Begbie and M. B. Mitchell



Tasker, Press Illustrations  
Mr. H. D. G. Leveson Gower, one of the oldest members of the M.C.C., greets Sir Archibald Weigall



*Janifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE première of *Black Narcissus* was honoured by the presence of H.M. Queen Mary, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. This première was given at the Odeon on the direction of Mr. Arthur Rank, in aid of the National Hospital for Women, and it was gratifying to see flashed on the screen that the splendid sum of £4500 had been raised.

The main picture was preceded by a charming short film of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, taken firstly as a baby, going through her childhood days and ending with her making her birthday speech in South Africa.

Lady Suenon-Taylor was chairman of this première, and brought a party. Others there I saw going through the foyer, which was decorated with garlands of spring flowers, included the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the Chilean Ambassador and his lovely wife, Mme. Bianchi, who had happily just recovered from a painful wisdom tooth operation, the Belgian Ambassador, accompanied by Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies, the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, the latter in white with magnificent platinum foxes.

LADY ANNE FITZROY, the only daughter of the Duke of Grafton, chose the little church in the grounds of her family home, Euston Hall, in Norfolk, for her marriage to Major Colin Mackenzie, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie, on Primrose Day. Beautifully decorated by the Duke's head gardener with masses of forsythia, daffodils and primroses, all picked from the gardens and woods at Euston, St. Genevieve's Church (which was built in the reign of Charles II. by the first Earl of Arlington and has a reredos by Grinling Gibbons and walls bearing many memorial tablets to the FitzRois) was packed with relations, tenants, employees and other guests.

The bride, who is tall and fair and a really lovely girl, wore a cream-velvet wedding dress with an exquisite family lace veil held in place by a diamond tiara, and carried a sheaf of arum lilies. She walked up the aisle with her father, while the hymn "Praise my soul the King of Heaven" was being sung, and was followed by four small children, Belinda Musker and Jane Adeane, wearing long dresses of cream-embossed toile de soie with wreaths of primroses in their hair and carrying posies of primroses, and two little boys, Charles Musker and Richard Gurney, wearing long blue velvet trousers with cream shirts.

After the ceremony the young couple, followed by the guests, walked back along a path in the park, where daffodils were flowering in profusion, to Euston Hall for the reception, to the skirl of bagpipes played by two pipers from the bridegroom's regiment, the Seaforth Highlanders, who preceded the party. On arrival at the house, guests went in by the side entrance and along the famous picture gallery, where magnificent portraits by Van Dyck, Sir Peter Lely and other great artists gazed down on the happy scene. Many of these portraits were of Charles II., father of the first Duke of Grafton, Henry FitzRoy, who married Isabella, only child of the first Earl of Arlington, who inherited Euston and her father's other properties on his death in 1685.

The Duke and Duchess of Grafton, the latter looking most attractive in navy blue with a pink-feathered hat and a spray of pink orchids pinned on her shoulder, received the guests. Among those I saw were the bridegroom's father, Lt.-Col. Alexander Mackenzie, his grandfather, Major Roderick Mackenzie, the bride's brother, the Earl of Euston, and his tall, good-looking wife in a long red nutria-trimmed coat and hat, both looking very sunburnt and well after their recent trip to South Africa, the bride's

two half-brothers, Lord Edward and Lord Michael FitzRoy, both busy looking after guests, her grandmother, the Countess Buxton, her great-aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Guy Baring, and her aunts, Lady Anna Byron, Lady Violet Wilson and Lady Victoria Seymour, who was there with her husband, Mr. Richard Seymour, and several of their family, including Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. George Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Seymour, and Capt. and Mrs. Samuel Gurney with their elder son, Timothy, whom I saw chatting to his grandmother, and Richard, who was a page.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF GRAFTON, in black, was talking to Lady Samuelson, also in black and looking very chic. The bride cut the wedding cake in the fine ballroom, and among those drinking the young couple's health were Lady Wavell, who was meeting many friends on her return from India—both the bridegroom and the bride's brother were on Lord Wavell's staff while he was Viceroy of India—Lord and Lady Ashbrook, Miss Margaret Mackenzie, Mrs. Austin Mackenzie, Capt. the Hon. Oliver and Mrs. FitzRoy, Sir Christopher and Lady Magnay, the Marchioness of Bristol, Mrs. Buxton and her daughter Elizabeth, Lord Fisher, Sir George and Lady Bramson, Major and Mrs. Basil Williams and their daughter Ruth, Mr. Chips Channon, Mrs. Adeane, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Rivett-Carnac, with their midshipman son and their daughter, Dame Meriel Talbot, Mrs. Dermot Musker, looking pretty in brown, and Mrs. William Cunningham, looking very pretty in pink tweed. The latter also had a lovely setting for her wedding when she was married in King's College Chapel, Oxford, last year.

The bride chose a charming midnight-blue suit with touches of white piqué and a small halo hat to match for her going-away dress, and looked radiantly happy with the bridegroom as they were piped down to their waiting car to go on their honeymoon, which was being spent first at Countess Buxton's home in Sussex, and then on the Continent.

THERE was a big gathering of the Latin-American colony in London at the reception given by the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Rodriguez Azpurua at Canning House to celebrate the anniversary of Venezuela's declaration of independence. Guests mingled in the two fine reception-rooms, where huge vases of mixed spring flowers were much admired. Among those I met at the party were the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Moniz de Aragao, the Chilean Ambassador and the Chinese Ambassador.

The Hon. William Buchan was busy helping to entertain the guests, and was chatting to Mme. Solares, wife of the Bolivian Minister, who was there with her husband. Others at this very enjoyable party were the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen, the Mexican Ambassador and Mme. O'Farrill, the Uruguayan Ambassador and Mme. MacEachen, the Iranian Ambassador and Mme. Taqizadeh, the Bolivian Minister, Senhor Siri of the Argentine Embassy and his very attractive wife, who was wearing one of the new summer hats, the Saudi Arabian Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. El Din, the Mexican Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. Calderon Puig, and film-star Douglas Montgomery.

AN exhibition of particular interest to lovers of sporting pictures will open on May 12th at 16b, Grafton Street, when the Tresham Gilbey collection will be on view for ten days in aid of the Veterinary Educational Trust.

These pictures were collected by the late Tresham Gilbey and his father, the first Sir Walter Gilbey, and include some fine works by

such great sporting painters as Stubbs, Alken, Herring and John Ferneley.

I was recently lucky enough to see these pictures at Whitehall, the Essex home of the late Tresham Gilbey, and I particularly liked Herring's portrait of "The Prior of St. Margaret's," winner of the Cambridgeshire in 1846, Stubbs's portrait of "Molly Longlegs," and a delightful set of three hunting pictures painted by David Dalby, in 1824, of Lord Harewood's Hounds at Knaresborough.

This will be the last chance of seeing these pictures together, as the collection will be broken up when they are sold at Christie's later in the month.

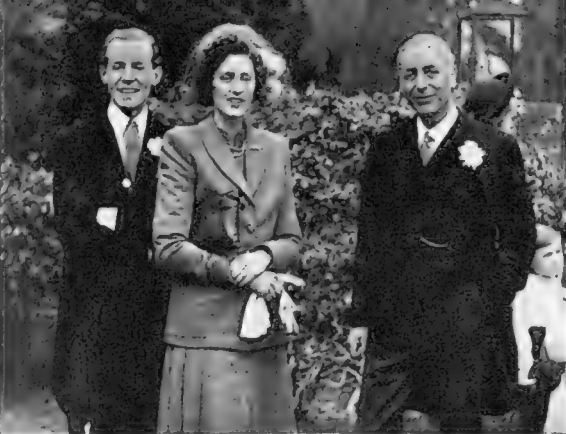
THREE big first nights took place at the end of last month: firstly the revival of Noel Coward's *Present Laughter*, with the author playing the leading part; secondly, C. B. Cochran's new musical show *Bless the Bride* at the Adelphi, and, thirdly, the much-heralded American musical *Oklahoma* at Drury Lane. Noel Coward was given a big welcome back to the stage in this witty and amusing comedy by an audience which included stars of both screen and stage. Paulette Goddard I saw sitting in the front row of the stalls, and Mary Martin, who was leading lady in *Pacific 1860*, was chatting to friends in the interval. Bee Lillie, in a little gold sequined cap, had just arrived off the Queen Elizabeth, and instead of grumbling at the delay on the mud, said how much she had enjoyed being able to have one more day of the superb food supplied on board.

Everyone wishes that grand old man of the theatre, C. B. Cochran, the greatest success with his latest production (this time in association with Lord Vivian), *Bless the Bride*, and if the wonderful reception this musical show got on the first night is anything to judge from, it ought to be a tremendous success. This is much more like the Cochran shows of the old days, with lovely costumes and beautiful settings. The new French star, Georges Guétary, is the best leading man we have seen in a musicale for a long time. In the first act the applause after his song "Ma Belle Marguerite" held up the show for several minutes. Lizbeth Webb, the very young leading lady, who has the most beautiful voice, had a big reception too, but no applause was as great as that which greeted Mr. Cochran when he went on the stage after the final curtain to make a speech, thanking everyone for their efforts to make the show a success.

IN the audience I saw Sir Alan and Lady Herbert, with their two daughters. Sir Alan wrote the libretto of *Bless the Bride*. Mrs. Cochran was also sitting in the stalls with Constance Collier and Mrs. Julie Thompson. Lady Vivian, looking pretty in pale blue moiré, was there with her young family, Sally Anne, her attractive seventeen-year-old daughter, and her two sons, Nicholas and Victor. Nancy Lady Vivian was there to see her stepson's new venture, and her daughter, Lady Wrixon-Becher, looking very pretty in an apricot-coloured evening dress, was with her husband, Sir William Wrixon-Becher. Lord Vivian's only sister, the Marchioness of Bath, could not come up to London to complete the family party for the opening, as it was the same day as their local point-to-point, but she and her husband saw the show a few days later.

Others I saw in the audience on the opening night were Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, Mr. Tom Berrington and his wife, who looked attractive in a white ermine coat, Mme. Catusse, M. Gerard André of the French Embassy, Marie Burke, looking splendid in white fox furs, Elizabeth Allan with her husband Bill O'Brien, Miss Wendy Toye, who had directed the show, Margaret Lockwood, Diana Morgan, Robert McDermot and Virginia Winter.





Among the guests were Mr. Michael Hamilton, Miss Lavinia Ponsonby and Capt. the Hon. Oliver FitzRoy, R.N. (ret.)



The Duke and Duchess of Grafton, father and step-mother of the bride, Lady Anne FitzRoy, who is the Duke's only daughter



Viscount Ashbrook, who is the tenth holder of the title and succeeded his father in 1936, was among the large number of guests



In front: Mr. George Seymour, Lady Victoria Seymour. Behind: Mr. Richard Seymour and the Hon. Mrs. George Seymour



Lt.-Col. Alexander Mackenzie of Farr, Inverness, father of the bridegroom, arriving at the church



Countess Buxton, of Hassocks, Sussex, grandmother of the bride, on her way to the reception



Viscountess Ashbrook, Mrs. Maitland Wilson, Mrs. Rivett-Carnac, Mrs. Needham-Davies, Miss Rivett-Carnac and Sub-Lt. Rivett-Carnac

## THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S DAUGHTER MARRIES



Lady Anne Mackenzie and her husband, Major Colin Dalziel Mackenzie, walking from St. Genevieve's Church across the park to Euston Hall after their wedding, escorted by pipers of the Seaforth Highlanders



# CHIDDINGFOLD AND LECONFIELD HUNT POINT-TO-POINT



*Miss Anne Bewick, Col. Eugster and Countess Cathcart*



*Mrs. J. M. Enderman after winning the Ladies' Race*



*Mr. C. K. Simond, Miss Anna Foster and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Orr Ewing during an interval in the programme*



*Two sisters, Mrs. David Lloyd and Miss Barbara Robson-Brown, enjoying the racing*



*Mrs. J. M. Enderman, Miss M. Gilbert and Major H. Green*



*At lunch in the wagon: Mr. Stanhope Joel, Miss Thalia Joel, Mrs. Stanhope Joel and Mr. and Mrs. Eric Massey*



*The start of the Ladies' Race, as seen from the sunken road beside the course. The winner, Mrs. Enderman, is third rider from the right. The meeting was held at Rudgwick, near Horsham, and racing took place over a very cleverly-planned circuit*

*Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations*





For the first time the Cowdray held their point-to-point in Cowdray Park, Midhurst, Sussex. The Royal Marines had a race of their own, with twelve entries, and some of the field are seen at the first fence, opposite Cowdray Castle. The large number of spectators found some splendid viewpoints

## THE COWDRAY MEETING AT MIDHURST



The Hon. Mrs. J. Lakin and the Hon. Mrs. A. Murray with Viscount Cowdray and Col. John Lakin



Col. Bernard Cracroft and his wife, son Peter and daughter Sheila, with Col. and Mrs. Crawley



Mrs. Anthony Acton and her daughter Caroline, were among the spectators



Lady Dorothy Macmillan, Miss Catherine Macmillan, Miss Diana Lowman and Miss Sarah Macmillan



Mr. and Mrs. S. White, the Hon. Mrs. C. W. H. Allenby, who was fourth in the Ladies' Race, and Mr. C. Russell



Col. Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby in the paddock with his daughters, Sally and Rachel



Miss A. Covell being led in after winning the Ladies' Race



Lt.-Col. Roy Hudson talking to Mr. P. H. Forshall, an entrant



Lt.-Col. B. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson



Miss Joy Greig and Mr. F. Devenish in the paddock



Michael Killanin

## An Irish Commentary

" . . . A Letter Received "



Some of the 600 dancers at the Gresham: Miss Una O'Higgins, Miss Rita Dudley, Mr. Michael Cosgrave and Miss Ruth Sheehy. At back: Mr. Anthony Dudley and Mr. Robert T. Johnston



"The Gay Nineties"—winners of the first prize for the best group. Miss E. Higgins, Mr. Carl Bonn, Mr. Edward Jacob, Mrs. Edwin Vinson. Sitting: Miss McCabe and Mr. Osmond Dixon



Poole, Dublin

In front: Mrs. T. de Vere White, Lady Glenavy, Mr. James Sleator, Miss Philippa Tweed. At back: Mrs. L. O'Neill, Mr. William Tweed, Miss Ruth Childers, Mrs. Martin Tweed, Hon. Michael Campbell and Mr. T. de Vere White

The Dublin Nine  
Arts Ball

SOME weeks ago I wrote one of my Irish Commentaries based on the question of the Partition of Ireland. Since then both the Editor and myself have received many letters and counterblast articles. When I sat down and wrote that article I realised that it would not be approved of by all. Some people attacked me for introducing politics into a social paper. Well, let me explain that the Editor gives me a very free hand. I felt that the question of partition was one which is frequently being discussed over here and that an article on this would not be out of place. I am still of that view.

The most interesting letters and articles included one from Mr. Maurice Headlam, the magistrate, who was at one time Treasury Remembrancer and Deputy Paymaster for Ireland, and another from Mr. Murray Hornibrook, who now lives in France. Mr. Hornibrook was formerly secretary to the Chief Secretary, Mr. George Wyndham. The last to come to hand is from Professor Douglas Lloyd Savory, who has represented Queen's University, Belfast, at Westminster since 1940. I am publishing Professor Savory's letter without comment in order to show the opposite view to mine as expounded by a Northern representative.

ONE hears a good deal nowadays about restoring the unity of Ireland, though such unity never existed. There never was such a thing as an Irish nation, except in the oratory of perfervid patriots. In the early centuries the so-called historic Irish nation was nothing but a mere congeries of quarrelling clans. In the ninth century they were unable to keep out the Norsemen, who established a Danelaw in the east of the island, as they had established one in England.

In Ireland the Norse remained a separate community in Dublin and other coastal towns till the arrival of Strongbow and his companions. When the Normans came, the only serious fighting was at the ports, with Norsemen and not with Gaels.

No doubt the Gaels cursed the invaders, and the memory of 'MacMorrogh, who brought the Norman o'er,' has never been cherished in Gaelic Ireland. Gaelic Ireland would have been regarded by the Greek and the Roman as barbaric. The Greeks would have found in it nothing resembling a city state and the Romans would have found no germ of Empire. Whatever the Gaelic virtues may have been, they did not include those of citizenship. In fact, nation-building did not begin until after the Norman invasion.

It was a slow business, as it was bound to be, in a country whose population was made up of two races, one of which was politically on a much lower level than the other. The tribalism of the Gaels had hindered the growth of a Central Government, and the Ard-Ri was as powerless as the Mogul Emperor in India at the time of Clive.

THE newcomers, however, belonged to a country in which the Central Government was so strong that the 60 miles of sea which Strongbow had put between him and his king were not enough to relieve him of his allegiance. Within two centuries the Normans had established a political system in which loyalty to king and country was found to be compatible with local loyalties. This devotion to king and country is now found predominantly in Ulster. Northern Ireland is as distinct from Eire as

Eire is distinct from Great Britain. In our days Northern Ireland is, through its history and circumstances, an integral part of the political and economic system of Great Britain.

At the same time, the Council of Ireland, as embodied in the Act of 1920, would have provided a link between North and South, but in Southern Ireland this Government of Ireland Act of 1920 was 'rejected with scorn.' A period of outrage and murder followed, which was supposed to have ended with the signing of the Treaty of 1921, but which, in reality, was followed by a civil war which devastated Southern Ireland.

SINCE Mr. De Valera's arrival in power even the Dominion Constitution of 1922 has been abandoned, and Mr. De Valera boasts that an independent republic has been set up. During the World War his policy committed Eire to an ignominious neutrality, and the people of Ulster have never forgotten that he protested against the landing of troops in Northern Ireland in January 1942, and allowed German and Italian Legations to remain in Dublin, which were centres of espionage. The brilliantly-lighted Dublin was the landmark by which Belfast was bombarded in the terrible raids of Easter Tuesday and May 4th, 1941.

The climax was reached when Mr. De Valera paid an official call upon the German Minister to express his sympathy with him on the death of Hitler, while he was content to send a secretary to express his regret to Sir John Maffey, the United Kingdom Representative in Dublin, on the smashing of his windows when the news of the victory arrived in Ireland.

De Valera's policy has made the separation of North and South permanent. The people of Ulster, who were prepared to take up arms to resist their inclusion in a Home Rule Parliament, are not likely to accept their annexation to an Irish Republic which describes their king as 'a foreign king.'

The only hope for the unity of Ireland is the return of Eire to Great Britain, and the restoration of the unity of Great Britain and Ireland, each forming an integral part of the United Kingdom.

As I have written on previous occasions, I try not to digress too frequently on politics, so we will let the matter rest there, as far as this column is concerned.

It was my intention to devote some space about this time to our forthcoming summer season of show-jumping.

This last month saw the departure of the Irish jumping team for Nice, where they have had considerable success, and Rome. Later they will arrive in London for the International Horse Show at Olympia. The contribution made not only to Irish prestige in general, but to the reputation of Irish jumpers by the Irish Army team, is considerable.

The horses going to Europe with the team include the eighteen-year-old Owen Roe and the fourteen-year-old Antrim Glens. It was at Nice that Owen Roe made his first name as a jumper back in 1935, and since then he has travelled both in Europe and across the Atlantic.

The remainder of the team consists of Baldoye, Bundoran, Clontibret, Enniskerry, Kilkenny and Lough Neagh. The team is captained by Lt.-Col. Lewis and includes Commandants Ahern and Neylon, and Lt. Tubridy. The popular rider Commandant Day Corry has not gone to Europe with the team.



# Priscilla in Paris

## Congress of Beauty

"INFINITE riches in a little room" best describes the Galerie du Rond Point on the opening day of Jean-Dominique Van Caulaert's show of portraits and flower-pieces. All the loveliest women in Paris were there, both in paint and in person. One was greeted in the lobby by that gorgeous red-head Claudine Céréda, and one rather wondered what she was doing there, at four o'clock in the afternoon, wearing the pretty rose-coloured frock in which she danced, all last year, in the revival of *No, No, Nanette!* until one realised that one was meeting not the lady herself, but her life-sized portrait.

The place was crowded. Marguerite Moreno, in the beads, rag-tags and furbelows of *La Folle de Chaillot*, gazed with pathetic eyes from the canvas displayed on an easel in the place of honour. A familiar laugh rang out, and I wheeled to find that very great actress standing behind me, chuckling over a joke—not for publication—that Vincent Scotto had just told her. The rag-tags had become a simple tailor-made and the outrageous make-up of *la Folle* no longer hid the natural pallor or smuttied up the beautiful eyes of that very grand old lady of the French stage. Vincent Scotto's portrait was on view also, a sober contrast to the charming group formed by Oléo (Mme. Arnaud), wearing a gay, blue frock, and holding her four-year-old son, Jean-Loup, in her arms.

But of all the clever and enchanting portraits on view, the one that delighted me most was that of Jacqueline Bouvier (Mme. Marcel Pagnol) in a simple, pale-blue frock, her silver-fair hair falling over her shoulders. The artist has caught to perfection the pretty, pouting mouth and the slightly perplexed, upward lift of her enquiring eyebrows.

Among the visitors were André de Fouquières, who is putting good manners back on the map (and having an all-time job of it!), Mme. Delia Col, Mme. Soudré, H.E. Monsieur Diethelm, M. André Foucher, and, most decidedly not last or least, Mistinguett, the irrepressible Irreplaceable, who is shortly going off on a world tour.

ANOTHER party was given at the Nord Station to celebrate the first birthday, since the war, of that boon to travelling humanity, the Golden Arrow. A lovely, light-refreshment party, but so definitely "stag" that I have not a single frock to describe except my own, which was last year's, so I will refrain.

I have been lazy this week. The weather was perfect, so I just sat on my terrace and basked in the sun, but from Cannes I have news of my dear Bobette (Bob Giguet), who has opened his Auberge de Super-Cannes and—I hear from

other sources—is making the same success with this venture as he did with his "Liberty's Bar" in Paris. Bob himself—or, rather, his letter—was full of the good time he had at the Casino on the night of the gala organised by Sir Coleridge Kennard, vice-president of the France-Grande Bretagne committee, to raise funds for the Sunny Bank Hospital that was founded and endowed by Lord Derby fifty years ago, and of which the first stone was laid by King Edward VII. There Bob ran across an old friend in Harry Pilcer, who was so busy selling the last of the lottery tickets—first prize, a gorgeous Maggy Rouff frock, won by Mme. Falgayrette—that he hardly did justice to the excellent dinner with which the party started.

HE was at Lady Kennard's table, and amongst her other guests were Miss M. Williams, O.B.E., Col. H. D. C. Carlton, Mrs. Freeborn and Mr. Ferguson Fern. The Aga Khan entertained Lord and Lady Innes-Ker, M. and Mme. Van Dongen and a large party. At Mme. René Sibilat's table were Lady Tatiana Mountbatten and her cousin, Lt. P. Mountbatten. Mrs. Andersen, Mme. Sibilat's mother, was also present with her sister, Mrs. Ronald Waley, Mr. F. W. Rickett, of Abyssinian fame, and Herr Torsen Winge, the famous Swedish actor.

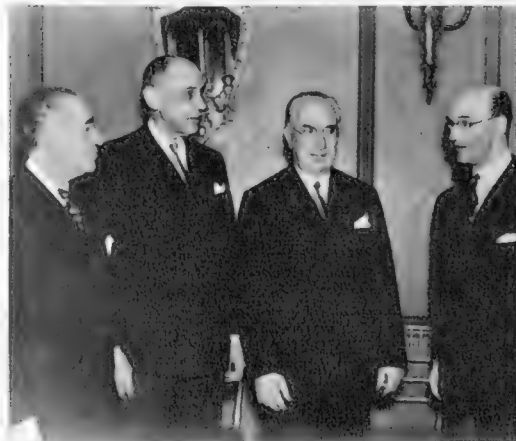
The gala raised nearly 1,000,000 francs for the hospital; good, indeed, for these days! Another function over which Bob became lyrical was the concert, given at the Casino, by a newcomer with a very lovely voice, Mme. Marguerite Solal, who sang melodies by Fauré, Duparc and Chabrier exquisitely, as well as "l'Air de Lia" from Debussy's *Enfant Prodigue* and Bach's *Cantate de la Pentecôte*.

Paris is chuckling over an amusing *mot* that is attributed to Somerset Maugham, who is reported to have said: "The reason why there are so many divorces in the States is because American women expect from their husbands all the qualities that English women would not dare to demand from their butlers!" So far as witty sayings go, Somerset Maugham runs Tristan Bernard a close second in this country.

### Voilà!

● "Huh!" snorted the very young actress, "one must be true to one's art! I only accept roles that are suited to my Personality and worthy of my best!"

"My dear," answered Suzy Prim, whose ancestor played in Molière's company and who has the blood of generations of actresses in her veins, "you remind me of the cow who would eat only four-leafed clover!"



The Ambassadors of Chile, Venezuela, Mexico and Uruguay at the reception at Canning House to celebrate the first independent Government in Venezuela



Mr. Murray, of the Foreign Office, with Señor Ricardo Siri, Argentine Minister, and Mme. Siri. Canning House is the Latin-American centre in London



The Hon. William Buchan, Señorita Carmen Rodriguez, daughter of the Venezuelan Ambassador, Mme. Siri and Mme. Christophersen, of the Argentine Embassy

Swaebe

### Venezuela Celebrates a Great Anniversary







# THE TRAGIC CLOWNS AT SADLER'S WELLS

"TONIO, the comic! You have shown me what you are; deformed in body and mind." And Nedda, the girl of the travelling show, thrashes her unwelcome hunchback lover who, in revenge, plots the tragedy of *I Pagliacci*.

In the new production of Leoncavallo's opera at Sadler's Wells, Marjorie Shires, a young soprano from the chorus, is Nedda, and the experienced actor and singer Redvers Llewellyn is Tonio, the evil genius of the strolling players. It is the policy of John Moody, the producer, to bring opera into tune with real life, and he has captured the atmosphere of Calabria with which so many Service people became familiar during the war. Battledress, straw "brimmers," and bowler-hats are worn by some of the company. Another modern touch is the illumination of the stage-within-a-stage by electric lights supplied from overhead cables. The set is by Reginald Woolley, who did *Galway Handicap*

*Photographs by Angus McBean*





D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

# Standing By ...

**B**ITTERLY hoarding gaspers at twopence apiece, it may soothe you to recall that the first cigarettes viewed by the Island Race were infinitely cheap and lit in romantic Somers Town, N.W., where Dickens in the late 1830's saw Spanish refugees from the Carlist Wars "walking about in cloaks, smoking little paper cigars," rolled by Carmen and her colleagues at the Fábrica de Tabacos, Seville, at 10 for one *maravedi*.

You don't know Somers Town, perhaps. No Guide to London ever praises it. It lies between and behind Euston and St. Pancras and exhales an exquisitely dim, melancholy Early Victorian charm, deepened by its having previously been the chief London refuge for *émigrés* from the French Revolution, for whom the Abbé Carron built a church, still there. All that region is full of sad ghosts, cloaked and curled and whiskered, in caped greatcoats, in plaid pegtop trousers, in all the vanished grotesqueries of Cruickshank. Few murders take place in this land of shadows. Even in the free 1840's nobody bumped off Mr. Harold Skimpole, who lived in the Polygon (now a block of flats) and was obviously asking for liquidation. The Spirit of Exile broods over Somers Town and makes the hearts of the locals tender, aching, and charitable.

## Tip

**L**ONDON is so full of hideous and devil-haunted deserts (e.g., Bayswater) that gentlemen crossed in love and desiring to fly from the world have nowhere to retire, except obvious places like the Carlton Bar. Remember Somers Town, N.W.1, the *Pays du Tendre*.

## Illusion

**S**WAGGERING round on thin bandy legs and boasting that their favourite horses love them madly, horsemen seem to us—as one did only last week—pathetic. Have they no mirrors? Or do they all esteem themselves to be Columbas?

You know the infinitely touching story of the Scottish garron, the old farm-horse of Iona. As that fiery, courageous, temperamental, enchanting Irishman St. Columba, knowing he was to die within a week, went round the monastery farm for the last time, taking leave of man and beast, granary and byre, the old white horse which carried the milk-pails ran up and laid his



"— and don't let's have any more of these silly illusions of yours!"

head on Columba's breast, weeping and whinnying with pain. Columba's companion would have driven him off, but the old Saint said "Let be, let be; he loves me," and so blessed his faithful servant the horse, and departed sadly from him. No horseman we have ever met—barring possibly "Sabretache"—could inspire such sorrow in any equine breast, we dare swear. The mere absence of sudden sidelong kicks in the slats is not love. Similarly with women.

That is another major illusion with many horsemen, we find.

## Contretemps

**O**WING to the sudden breaking of the F-sharp key-spring in one of the flutes at a London Symphony Orchestra concert the other night, Sir Thomas Beecham had to stop the performance and make a fresh start. And what (we asked a leading musician) would happen if a flautist broke his heart?

He couldn't tell us. We looked up the files. This actual contretemps apparently happened at a Richter concert at Covent Garden in the 1880's. A flautist suddenly gave a great howl and buried his head in his hands. Richter stopped conducting and swore. A first violin cried: "Poor Charlie Turner's broke his heart!" Richter snapped: "For vat?" They said: "A woman." This scene ensued:

"Everypoty pack to Bage One, please."  
"Maestro! He is in agony owing to a great love!"  
"Ach! Some floozie!"  
"Flautists don't love floozies!"  
"Everypoty pack, Bage One."

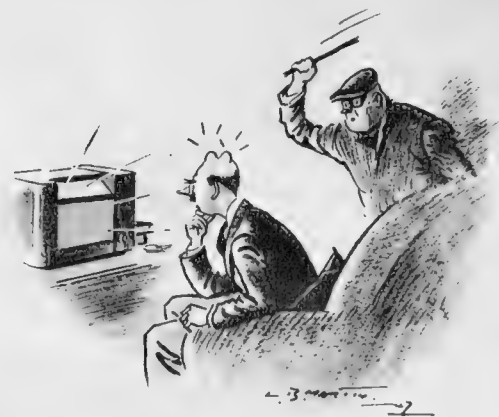
(Here the unfortunate flautist moaned and fell prostrate. Several stuffed-shirts in the stalls left on tiptoe, fearing an undignified scene.)

"Shame on you, Maestro!"  
(Here the Times Music Critic shook his fist at Richter.)

"EVERYPOTY PACK—"  
(Here the Times Critic leaped on the rostrum in a noble fury.)

"By heaven, Sir, do you or do you not realise that this hapless flautist is the plaything of elemental forces so tremendous—"

"Himmelsakrament! You drample my gorns!"  
"Condign punishment—OUCH!"



"Gosh! that's the second thump—now what's wrong with this set?"

## Sequel

**F**EW critics can stand a healthy poke in the nose without crumpling up like a burst sugar-bag, and the *Times* boy was no exception. Hardly had Richter withdrawn his fist before they said to him: "Sir, the poor heartbroken flautist is dead." "Everypoty pack," said Richter, "to Bage One." The concert then proceeded.

## Road

**P**OINTING airily to the North Star burning over the Khyber Pass, the crude but engaging Dirkovitch takes leave of his British hosts of the White Hussars (if you remember *The Man Who Was*) with the remark: "Yes, but I will come again! My dear friends, is that road shut?" Whether the recent Soviet-Afghan radio agreement adds any sort of footnote to Kipling's story we wouldn't know.

What is chiefly interesting about it (to us) is that you can evidently tune in nowadays to Kabul and hear an Afghan stooge-audience going crazy exactly as a stooge-audience does in Portland Place. Perhaps in Kabul they already have a Third Programme full of pale, priggish Afghans boosting each other's poetry, which must turn the North Star a faint green. And one day, maybe, a travelling van belonging to the Afghan Broadcasting Corporation will pick up a lot of interesting guest-personalities on the Khyber Pass for "In Town Tonight," including General Sockovitch, who has brought five Army Corps along to say hello to all friends in Radioland and to tell them they prefer "straight" stuff to jazz. Thus Kipling's worry over the Pass will have come true at last. How that boy worried! How sahibs of every size and species—many with gorgeous handlebar moustaches—worried, fifty years ago!

## Gift

**T**HAT gold-mounted walking-stick sold at the Lonsdale auction for £140, a gift from the first Duke of Marlborough to Sir Isaac Newton, must obviously have an interesting history, since handsome John Churchill never gave anything away if he could help it. Unless an apple fell on the Duke's head—a large comely wooden apple, carved by Grinling Gibbons, or a large smooth marble apple, held by some classic nymph in a formal garden—the present had some practical motive, doubtless. Let us assemble our data.

Gravity was discovered by Newton in 1666, four years after Boyle discovered Boyle's Law about gases. In 1688 the Whigs betrayed James II, and in 1702 the Marlborough dukedom was created. Therefore (we observe) the Royal Society boys, foaming with jealousy like true scientists, would have been calling Newton a charlatan behind his back for at least 36 years before the Duke gave him that handsome stick. Undoubtedly Newton's friend Boyle, having suffered equally, had often discussed this with the Duke before his (Boyle's) death in 1691.

"Alack, poor Ike! Just a Dreamer!"

"What your Friend hath Need of, Mr. Boyle, is a good Stick wherewith to duft the Pants of that Gang of Stinkards."

"He hath no Stick, your Grace."

"We will fee."



"You're too good for all this, Miss Piper. Why don't you let me get you a job as a domestic servant?"



A handsome stick was duly handed to Newton, with his Grace's compliments. The Duke had plenty of admirers, and the hall at Marlborough House was probably full of goldmounted sticks.

### Trick

THAT employer who, finding his factory swamped by printed Communist propaganda, recently erected a large notice-board marked "Left" and "Right," so that the other side may have a chance of replying, will be approved by all, we guess, except possibly the Red boys.

Some of the Red boys are inspired by admirably selfless motives. Others are not, and a chap in touch with industrial conditions was telling us how the latter kind sometimes, with brilliant simplicity, get and keep control of a given factory. The owner of a loud larynx naturally has an easy initial job in exploiting mass-inertia, innocence, and dumbness. Having established himself as the factory mouthpiece, he is equally naturally called in when some decent employer has an idea for improving conditions. Reeling haggard but triumphant from the inner sanctum, the Red boy then gathers the workers together, announces a concession—all his own work—and hoarsely recounts the story of his heroic struggle to wrench it from the Boss, inch by inch, against fearful odds. Cheers, tears, and increased prestige and power for Good Old Dusty.

### Fuss

IT seemed to shock the Fleet Street boys because a recent seamen's meeting at Liverpool ended in a free-for-all. Yet the whole thing was most enjoyable and far less dangerous than an exchange of kisses on the Centre Court, Wimbledon. Not even spanners were used.

From the second engineer of a Tyneside tramp, a seaman known as Mother, owing to his fondness for fancy knitting and his habit, after striking huge hairy mariners senseless with a spanner, of humming a little homely song which went:

The roses round the door  
Make me love Mother more . . .

—from this authority we learned on a voyage long ago that a seaman hit with a spanner can hardly be said to have been hit at all. If you gain the impression that Mother was a tough, you err. He was the kindest of men and his blue eyes were frank and innocent as a publicity-agent's.

So the Fleet Street boys were too readily scandalised. One would think they never had to be cautioned about their nails.

## LUNACY FRINGE

By METCALF



Walter Bird

**GLEN ALYN'S** polished playing of the seductive "other woman" role in *Under the Counter* has been no small factor in the show's great success at the Phoenix Theatre, where it is now in its eighteenth month. That is not surprising to those who remember her sparkling succession of screen sirens just before the war. An Australian of the third generation in a family of sheep station owners, she went to school in England and trained under Anna Pavlova. At fourteen she was dancing for André Charlot, at fifteen she was in a Cochran show in New York, and at sixteen started her film career. When war broke out she became first a Civil Defence ambulance driver and then joined an E.N.S.A. company, nearly losing her voice permanently after a strenuous tour. For the remainder of the war she worked in the department controlled by her sister, Lady Doverdale, at the R.A.F. Comforts Fund. She is fond of books, cooking, wrought iron and cats, sailing and swimming, while her pet aversions are nail varnish, fictional thrillers, red meat, flying and sewing.

## BUBBLE and SQUEAK

ONE of our dullest but most eminent K.C.s was in the habit of lecturing his office-boy for the good of his soul. As a result he recently found himself eavesdropping on this conversation between the lad and another from a similar office. Said the other:

"How much does old — give you in salary?"

"I'm getting eight hundred a year," replied the boy.

"What?"

"Well, I get a pound a week in cash and the rest in legal advice."

A VERY flushed woman, dragging a small boy, passed through the station barrier and approached her waiting husband.

"Hallo!" said the man. "You're late."

"Oh, don't talk about it," replied the harassed wife. "I never 'ad such a time. What with young Bill 'anging on to me, and me 'anging on to the luggage rack, the train 'ung up in the tunnel, and you 'anging about the station for me, I was in a regular state of suspense."

AN angler who had been trying to hook something for the last six hours was sitting gloomily at his task when a mother and her small son came along.

"Oh," cried out the youngster, "do let me see you catch a fish."

Addressing the angler, the mother said severely: "Now, don't you catch a fish for him until he says please."

A TEACHER noticed that one of her pupils was being very much teased by the other little boys during playtime and drew near to the group to hear what was happening.

"Come on, Bill," they were insisting, "tell us what your father is." But the child remained obstinately silent.

The teacher decided that she had better interfere, and, breaking up the group, took little Bill aside.

"Why wouldn't you answer their question?" she asked, gently.

At first Bill would not reply, but in the end it seemed to be almost a relief to him and he burst out: "Father's the bearded lady in a circus, Miss, so of course I couldn't say."

A BUTCHER was in the habit of sending his son with a small trap to deliver orders. The lad was a careless driver, and one day he knocked down an old lady.

A lawsuit followed and the butcher had to pay damages. Shortly afterwards the son was the cause of another accident, which had a similar unfortunate result, and the drain on the butcher's resources brought him to the edge of ruin.

A few days after the second case had been settled, a neighbour rushed in with the information that the butcher's wife had been run over by the careless driver of a motor-car and was in hospital.

"Thank goodness," exclaimed the butcher, with a big sigh of relief, "my luck's changed at last!"



# Ladies' Kennel Assoc<sup>n</sup> Notes

There was an enormous increase in the interest taken in dogs during the war years, and it continues. Things have not yet become settled enough for the big Championship shows, but the Association has everything in readiness to hold one this year, if the opportunity occurs. Letters on the subject should be sent to Miss Bruce, Redcastle, Killearnan, Ross-shire, Scotland



Among big dogs, no breed is more attractive than the deerhound. This photograph is of Gelda o' the Pentlands, the property of Miss Hartley, who has one of the best kennels of the breed extant



Vulcan Amarilla, the property of Mrs. Ionides, who has a large and famous kennel. In case his immaculate condition may put intending poodle owners off, there is a simpler form of "clip" which is used for dogs it is not intended to show



Terriers are always popular in this country, and the Sealyham is one of the latest to reach exhibition status. The puppies shown are from the kennel of the Misses Verrall

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

## Sabre-toache

"A SERVING SOLDIER" has been kind enough to commend a recent note in this page on the incoming and outgoing Viceroy of India, but says that he thinks I might have said a word or two about the C-in-C. when speaking of the defence of that country during the critical period of the Japanese attack.

"The Auk," he says, is immensely popular with all ranks of the British and Indian armies in India, and I am quite certain that this tribute to a fine fighting soldier has been fully earned; but, after all, we were talking about Viceroy, and what one of them did when Supreme Commander, S.E.A.C. Sir Claude Auchinleck, as we all realise, was the rod in pickle! If the Burma front had caved-in, all the defences on the North-West Frontier of India would have been taken in reverse, and the situation might have been very edgy until such troops as were available in India had liquidated the invader.

It would not have been by any means a picnic party. The Axis plan was to smash through at Stalingrad, and then walk onward to join hands with the Japanese in India. When Stalingrad held, and our armies, and not a Hollywood play-actor, stopped the Yellow Dwarfs dead in their tracks in Burma, all hopes of the big pincers movement went up in smoke, and we were saved from yet another arduous and, most probably, very bloody campaign. The threat from South-East Asia presumably has evaporated; but the other problem has not, and is possibly even more thorny than ever it was—and that is saying a very great deal. General Auchinleck would be an invaluable C-in-C. if and when the kettle boils over, for he knows the whole terrain backwards.

## Hippodromania

IN war, negative information is quite often of even greater value than the positive kind. In peace, this is not always so, especially on the turf. You may know that something cannot go as fast as you can kick your hat over 5 furlongs, but will be travelling faster than anything else at the end of 7 furlongs; but this does not help if you want to win your winter's keep over him in a 1½-mile contest. "Thinking" and "hoping" are not much good.

Those two leading characters Petition and Tudor Minstrel are cases in point? They have each had quite bloodless victories over 7 furlongs, and the Ring very promptly—and quite rightly, I think—put them on about the same mark for the recent battle over a mile; but still continues to say that Tudor Minstrel has a seven points better chance than Petition over a 1½-mile course, and that Blue Train, with very little form behind him, is only a three points longer chance than Tudor Minstrel in the Derby.

This, surely, is opinion pure and simple and hardly justified upon any evidence before the court? After such a doing as the past winter has given us, it is not perhaps unnatural that anyone should grasp at any straw that may be floating upon the summer sea, and the amazing appearance of both Petition and Tudor Minstrel may be an excuse for optimism. If, however, they have come through unscathed and with a lively iris shining upon their burnished coats, others also may have weathered the winter. It cannot but be, however, that everything on four legs, and not a few on two, has not had the best of chances under such calamitous circumstances, and the fact of Petition and Tudor Minstrel looking as bright as new sixpences for their respective races is a credit to their clever trainers and to Mr. Head Lad, but it does not remove the background.

Neither of their wins amounted to anything more than a nice working gallop, with the other competitors looking on. This may not be quite good enough merchandise with which to go to market. Migoli's win in the Craven Stakes is not much more helpful, even though it was over a mile. He won hard held, with nothing very formidable behind him. Prince Aly Khan, the

Aga Khan's son, has said that he may win the Derby. He is certainly cut to fit that course, but how can we say

more than this at present? And on top of all this comes Goldsborough's easy victory in the 1-mile Stockil Stakes at Doncaster. "The best gallop yet," according to the wise men of the North, because of Turkaris, whose form I suggest we look at, even though he is not in either the Guineas or the Derby, which seems a pity.

If Fortune smiles on Major L. B. Holliday, Goldsborough's owner, in any of this year's classics, the fickle lady will never do a more popular act.

## Fred Rimell

EVERYONE who goes racing will be very glad to hear good reports of the plucky victim of Coloured School Boy's fall at Cheltenham. Nowadays our matchless surgeons think nothing of broken necks, provided always some well-meaning amateur has not first queered the pitch. Tender-hearted people are so fond of trying to pick up the fallen and give them a drink, when, of course, the only thing to do is to let them lie until you know exactly what is wrong, and even then to wait for the doctor. Cover them up, by all means, and do anything that is manifestly necessary—a leg, for instance, turned the wrong way—but leave the rest to the Professor.

If they had not had the sense to let Colin Davy sit still after that bad fall at Sandown, he would not still be with us to write those good racing yarns. He had broken one of the vertebrae. The most amazing case of survival of which I have ever heard, bar that of the late Lord Minto ("Mr. Rolly," who broke his neck when riding Zero in the Grand National of 1876), was poor Giles Courage. He broke his when hunting with the Bicester, of which he was Joint-Master; he got aboard again and hacked home, fortunately at a walk. Little Maudie Ellis broke her neck point-to-pointing and survived, and I know of at least one other case, a partial dislocation, which only occasionally plays up.

It seems such a pity that this tobacco tax should have been cocked on to us just at this moment, for there is nothing quite so reassuring as the Calumet filled with your favourite mixture. Some say a toothpick is just as good! It is not, however useful it may be for compelling you to keep your mouth shut in the thick of the fray. George "Manifesto" Williamson was a firm believer in toothpicks, and we know how well he could keep his head in a tight place.

## We Now Know

OR, at any rate, we ought to, why Mr. Baksi's sparring partners said that the 16-oz. gloves he used during his tuning-up were not half big and soft enough. Mr. Baksi, on the other hand, has averred that these gentlemen "were not of the toughness I desire and my practice suffered in consequence." It will naturally intrigue everyone who is interested in gladiators to wait and see what Mr. Baksi can do when supplied with the tough guys he believes to be really necessary. It was further related of this battering-ram from President Masaryk's beautiful country that throughout his training he was full of quips and cracks and merry gibes, but it is also reported that he could not raise so much as a polite snigger from any of his sparring partners at even his wittiest sallies, and this despite the fact that one of them was an Irishman.

Whether, like the "Putney Pet," of whom all Oxonians must at least have heard, even if they have not read their Cuthbert Bede, Mr. Baksi lent additional sting to his punches by naming his shot every time, has not been disclosed. "The Pet" did. "That 'll take the bark off your nozzle and distil the Dutch pink for you!" he would exclaim; or "That 'll raise a tidy mouse on your ogle!" or "How about the kissing trap!" This sort of thing would bite into the very soul.





King Gustav of Sweden, who was among the spectators, acknowledging the applause on his appearance



Mme. Rurak (Rumania), who beat Miss Bostock (England) in the final of the women's singles

THE TAT  
AND BYSTA  
MAY 7, 1  
181



Bergelin and Johansson (Sweden), who won the Butler Trophy after defeating the Italians Del Bello and Cucelli

## Easter Tennis at Monte Carlo

Over a score of countries were represented in the Easter Tournaments on the beautifully-sited tennis courts at the Monte Carlo Country Club, and some exciting matches were seen. One of the surprises of the meeting was the defeat of the American, Budge Patty, in the men's international singles final by the Swedish player Bergelin

## Scoreboard



THE season turns. Bullock sterteth, buck verteth. Thousands of schoolboys are beguiling the Latin lesson with thoughts of a ball that breaks both ways then knocks out the middle stump, or are making a personal score of 205 (18 sixes) in a game of stab-cricket kept warm under

*French Without Tears*, Volume I. Splices are being recklessly oiled, and butterfly-nets assembled for pursuit of Cabbage Whites and Purple Emperors.

While summer waits in the wings with finery and hope, let memory take the boards with a brief step-dance. Contrasts: Colombes and Twickenham. At Colombes the gendarmes had their own private game of le Rugby, blowing whistles at the loose mauls of spectators, combining the office of ball, player, and ineffectual referee. At Twickenham, the mounted police stood with calm but conscious pride by their superb horses, which accepted admiration and lumps of sugar with majestic equanimity.

ANOTHER contrast; deceptive, perhaps, but unforgettable: a butcher's shop in Dublin, at evening by blazing electric-light; with undercut and sirloin; saddle and rump; enough to have made Bernard Shaw write a pamphlet on *Philosophic Doubts Concerning Vegetarianism*; then, a butcher's shop near Stamford Bridge, London; in its uncleaned window, one chicken presumptive; like Euclid's line, with length but no breadth, a dangling mockery; as if it had been publicly hanged on a charge of Wilful Misery. Better to have left it as an egg. Someone would have envied it then. Back to Twickenham; Newton-Thompson's dash for the line, and his echoing hand-off which gave Roberts a try and England the victory. Let's try a theoretical Fifteen, for amusement only, from the five countries in this year's International Championship. Full-back, Scotland's brilliant Geddes; three-quarters, left to right: Swarbrick and Bennett of England, Bleddyn Williams and

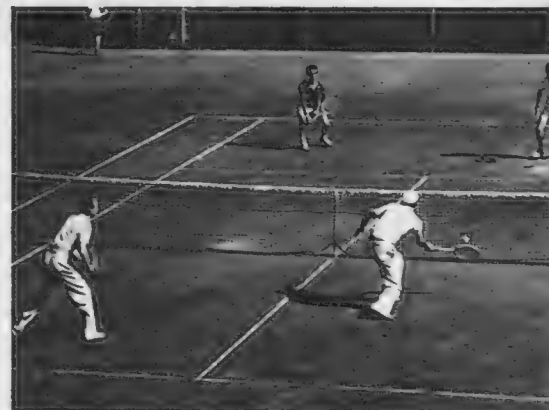
K. Jones of Wales; halves, Glyn Davies of Wales, Newton-Thompson of England; forwards, back row: Travers of England, Elliott of Scotland, Steele-Bodger of England; second row: Moga and Soro of France, 33 stone of them; and the front row can fight for it, as they like and do. No letters, please.

EXCUSES for defeat at sport should be original or not at all. The most fanatical Cantab must have read, if he did, with amazed admiration a letter to *The Times* in which the ingenious correspondent proved to his own satisfaction and my delight that Oxford lost the Boat Race because they had to row uphill. The acclivity, it seems, was caused by draught from the attendant motor-boats. A few days later, an anonymous Scotsman was accused of blowing a whistle in the crowd and so halting an England forward in the act of scoring a goal which would have won the match. These, as the carpet-seller said, take some beating.

The most puzzling case of auditory misdirection was recorded at a Hastings Chess Congress when the champion of Schleswig-Holstein, hearing a voice say, "Castle now, mein herr," castled, and was checkmated in three moves. The three spectators strenuously denied complicity; truthfully, for once, the culprit being the victim's opponent, a noted amateur ventriloquist and diseur.

I RECALL an agreeable excuse for failure on the croquet lawn. It was made by a five-year-old competitor who, having failed to negotiate a hoop from a distance of two feet, said, "The earth shook." Golf, too, is a game of eccentric complaints. An opponent of mine, who liked to protect his baldness with a knotted handkerchief, having lost his ball down a rabbit-hole, shouted at a player on the neighbouring fairway, "How can I drive when you keep flashing your brassy like that?" Then there was P. G. Wodehouse's golfer, who missed short putts because of the uproar of the butterflies in the adjoining meadow. *Solum post mortem quies.*

*R.C. Robertson Glasgow.*



Destremeau and Petra (wearing cap), France, playing Cucelli and Del Bello in their Butler Trophy match



Asboth and Szigetti, the Hungarian men's doubles representatives, who were beaten by Bergelin and Johansson



Falkenberg, the American player, in action in the men's singles semi-final against Bergelin, the winner





"Full Cry." This spirited picture is one of a set of three painted in 1824 by David Dalby of York, who was born at the end of the eighteenth century. The hunt (near Knaresborough) is Lord Harewood's Hounds, as the Bramham Moor was called during Lord Harewood's Mastership



"Crucifix," winner of the One Thousand Guineas, the Two Thousand Guineas and the Oaks in 1840, portrayed by Harry Hall, who died in 1886. Crucifix, the property of Lord George Bentinck, had a debatable appearance, but was a matchless racehorse, and "as nimble as a cat"

## ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Dialstone Lane"

"The House Near Paris"

"Cleopatra in the Tide of Time"

"Final Curtain"

"DIALSTONE LANE," by W. W. Jacobs, returns to us, having a long time been out of print. It is number three on the list of the new Century Library (Eyre and Spottiswoode; each volume 6s.). This series proposes to do good work; it "is designed to do for the best English fiction of the twentieth century what the Everyman Library has done for the classics as a whole." One or two of the books on the series' forthcoming list have, it is true, already established themselves as classics; but also the Century Library purposes to revive novels which have been unduly neglected.

The restoration to notice of our Edwardian novelists is, in my own opinion, particularly to be desired—roughly, one may group as "Edwardians" those who wrote between 1900 and the outbreak of the First World War. War makes an unnatural break in literary continuity: after 1918, I remember, it was found that what are still called "the moderns" occupied the foreground, and that former good names had been displaced. How many unfair disappearances have been caused by the Second World War is yet to be reckoned.

No sensible reader can fail to deplore these gaps. The impression that between the great Victorians and our own contemporaries practically no one of interest wrote is a false one, an injustice to the reputation of English fiction and rank ingratitude to those many expert, mellow and friendly novelists who gave our fathers and mothers—and some of us in childhood—so much pleasure. Reprints are the cure; and any publisher who embarks on a "library," or series, of representative reprints is to be applauded.

For the young generation, to whom many of these novels of thirty to forty years ago will come as new, here is a prospect of sheer enjoyment—and, also, the opportunity to fill in background. As for us older people, here is a chance to verify some of the pleasantest of our memories. This Century Library has an intelligent link-up policy: a preface for each of these novels of yesterday is to be written by an author of present-day reputation. The format is pleasing; and, the price being low, I should counsel readers with any shelf-space to buy. In any all-round home library, as in our own knowledge, time has left a number of gaps to fill.

Henry Reed writes an excellent preface to *Dialstone Lane*. In the case of W. W. Jacobs, one may be glad to say, it has not been a question of dragging an author out of unfair obscurity, but, rather, of underlining his value and showing how good this holds for the present day. Only the truly unfortunate can have failed to read Jacobs at one time or another; only the most misguided do not appreciate him—the principal trouble, lately, has been supply. He is one of the steadiest, raciest, most English and most

full-blooded comic writers that we have: ours would be a poorer world without him.

No maundering [Mr. Reed says], no display, no self-indulgence; his stories are executed in a cool and practical way. A complete plot, with a reversal of fortune, a victory or a defeat in it: he is not content with less than that. His kind of story is something no longer attempted, and if he had imitators none of them have survived. Atmosphere, the characteristic of the present-day short story, he was at no pains to create; and yet his name calls up at once an atmosphere wholly his own, and given off by his four or five distinct and clear-cut scenes: the sailors' lodging-houses in London; the wharves; the small, neat homes of widow-women and retired sea-captains in harbour villages; the pub at Claybury. His characters and scenes do not range widely, but the variety and ingenuity of his plots is always surprising.

ALL this holds good of *Dialstone Lane*—probably one of the best, Mr. Reed opines, of W. W. Jacobs' half-dozen long stories. (At the short story proper he was no less adept.) This book was written in 1904—a year when summers were sunny, long-skirted young ladies tossed their heads, small towns were pleasantly dead-alive, traffic slow. The arrival at Binchester of Capt. Bowers, retired after fifty years at sea, to set up house in Dialstone Lane with his lovely niece Prudence Drewitt is an event. Mr. Tredgold junior, land and estate agent, feels his heart miss a beat the moment Miss Drewitt appears. Mr. Tredgold senior and his cronies Mr. Stobell and Mr. Chalk are, for their parts, no less steadily drawn to the diamond-paned cottage at the end of the lane by the Captain's roaring tales of the sea, and still more, of treasure buried on a Pacific isle.

Capt. Bowers' attitude to the treasure is, "Let it lie!" but Messrs. Tredgold, Stobell and Chalk somehow cannot agree with him. Ever more strongly worked upon by the story, the three slip away and purchase the *Fair Emily*: they entrust the adventure and their lives to hard-bitten Capt. Brisket, whom they meet in a pub. Meanwhile one Selina Vickers (who, by sheer force of character has affianced herself to Joseph, Bowers' manservant) takes a hand, makes off with the map on which the treasure is marked, and exacts, in advance, an equal share in the spoils. Selina, I may say, threatens to steal this story. In the female cast we have also masterful Mrs. Chalk—whose boarding of the *Fair Emily*, in a yachting cap, is memorable—and meek Mrs. Stobell. Having been given the slip at the last moment, these ladies return disconsolate to Binchester: the *Fair Emily* sails.

The voyage, the search, the moderate anxieties of those at home, the Crusoe adventures of Tredgold, Stobell and Chalk, and the utterly disillusioning behaviour of Capt. Brisket and his mate Duckett complete, with a Binchester courtship, the plot of *Dialstone Lane*... Jacobs dialogue, Jacobs contrepèchs—as a

whole, Jacobs comedy—need no word from me. This book has re-whetted an appetite: I now cannot wait to re-read the rest of the master's works.

*The House Near Paris* (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) is as remarkable, as a true story, as any which have emerged since the end of war. Drue Tartièrre, who writes it with M. R. Werner, is an American actress who in 1938 married a French film-star and went to live in Paris. So completely did she feel one with her husband's country that, against the advice of her family and her relations-in-law, she refused to return to America either when war broke out or during the disasters of 1940. This was the first of many instances of courage, for she had been broadcasting anti-Nazi propaganda from Paris Mondiale and knew herself to be on the enemy's black list. Having moved south with friends at the time of the exodus from Paris, she hoped to be able to continue broadcasting from Bordeaux: Pétain's capitulation having made this impossible, she that autumn re-entered Occupied France and embarked on what was at first free-lance Resistance work.

THE house "near Paris" from which the book takes its title is at Barbizon, at the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, on that flat fertile plain which figures in Millet's pictures "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners." Nearby, she also acquired a small farmhouse whose isolated position made it suitable for the work Mme. Tartièrre and her friend Jean Fraysse had undertaken—the receiving of arms, etc., dropped for use in Resistance by Allied planes. Also this indefatigable young woman cultivated the farm-lands, raised livestock and hunted game in the forest with the object of supplying food to her hungry friends, and their friends again, in Paris.

America's entry into the war did not, at first, affect her position: it was not till September 1942 that the Germans pounced: Mme. Tartièrre was among those American women in Paris and the surrounding country who were rounded up and sent to Vittel. British internees, by now old inhabitants of this women's camp, greeted the arrival of their American sisters in misfortune with sympathetic cheers. No sooner was she in Vittel than this lady concentrated her entire energies on getting out again: rightly, she considered she could be more useful elsewhere. Feigning illness (a pretence which involved the most trying ordeals), she succeeded, with the help of a Jewish doctor, in getting herself returned to Barbizon in order to attend for treatment in Paris.

The second Barbizon phase of *The House Near Paris* is still more exciting—Drue Tartièrre started work with a ring of devoted people who—at a personal risk we in England could hardly estimate—were first hiding Allied airmen, then smuggling them out of France. These last



"Molly Longlegs," by the prince of sporting artists, George Stubbs. Her dam was a foxhunter and her chief claim to fame was the production of the successful racehorse Young Merlin



"Phosphorus," a son of Eclipse, was injured during training and never raced. After languishing in coach-houses and stables, he was rescued and made a useful sire. Painting by Benjamin Marshall



"Baronet," the property of Mr. Francis Holyoake, was considered the best horse in Leicestershire in the 1820's. This portrait of him is by Mr. Tresham Gilbey's favourite painter, John Ferneley

## From the Augustan Age of Horsemanship

These reproductions of sporting pictures of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries are from the Tresham Gilbey Collection, which is shortly to be shown in London for the benefit of the Veterinary Educational Trust. Jennifer deals with the exhibition on page 170. Mr. Tresham Gilbey was the third son of Sir Walter Gilbey, and was a noted authority on every aspect of horsemanship, as well as a successful breeder of polo ponies in his own county of Essex. He was an ardent collector with a catholic taste, though his favourite artist was undoubtedly John Ferneley, the pictorial chronicler of Melton Mowbray

chapters cannot be fairly summarised—they are a record of imperturbable courage, written with almost off-hand calmness and humour. During this time Mme. Tartièrre sustained, and had to conceal, two severe blows: news came that her husband had been killed fighting in North Africa; and her friend Jean Fraysse vanished and could only be dead. Throughout, she is as emotionally reticent as she is physically frank.

Her narration is full of naïve little lively touches. I liked this:

We put Bill [a Canadian airman in hiding] on a day-bed that night in the little salon in Katherine's apartment, under an enlarged photograph of one of Picasso's paintings—a picture of a woman whose full face also contained her profile. Bill took one look at it and said, "Do I have to sleep under that?"

Katherine, who was a good friend and an admirer of Picasso, drew herself up and asked, "You fall 10,000 ft. in a parachute, and yet you're afraid to sleep under a beautiful Picasso like that?"

"I'll have nightmares all night," Bill insisted.

"CLEOPATRA IN THE TIDE OF TIME," by Oliver C. de C. Ellis (Williams and Norgate; 12s. 6d.), needs a more detailed and scholarly review than I am qualified to give it.

I do, however, wish to draw your attention to what I find a fascinating book. Dr. Ellis—whose erudition is as impressive as his judgments are fierce—contends that Cleopatra has been the victim of a distorting myth. From many historical sources, he draws a picture of her as she may—or must?—really have been; next, he traces the growth of the myth (which, he thinks, owes its malevolence to Roman power and surviving Roman influence); last, he analyses the representation, or misrepresentation, of Cleopatra in different plays—those of the Frenchmen Grévin and Garnier; and, in our own literature, Shakespeare's, Fletcher's, Dryden's and Shaw's.

Dr. Ellis (as, I see, several distinguished critics have already remarked) is never dull.

As critic, he is independent and penetrating; as historian, he sees no reason to abate his angers or to chasten his style. Cleopatra, he is convinced, was pious, home-loving, idealistic, and was respectably married three times (her second and third husbands being Cæsar and Antony). However, "the memory of Cleopatra began to be blackened as her contemporary reputation never was. The unfounded gossip grew like a fermentation, until in 1946 this holy temple aristocrat, this prince of women, is the butt of any dingy drooling crooner. . . ."

Dr. Ellis, whose argument at this particular point I do not quite follow, even appears to hold that Cleopatra has been the victim of the Church of Rome, and that it is the duty of every Protestant to support her. . . . This from all appearances heavily-injured Queen could be wished no more sturdy champion than Dr. Ellis.

## RECORD OF THE WEEK

Them that has—gets! Them that don't—won't! The Andrews Sisters choose this for one side of their newest recording. The reverse is occupied by *The House of Blue Lights*. Personally I am very relieved that they have at last ceased to scream raucously and with no artistic effect. It is possible that Eddie Heywood and His Orchestra may have something to do with the taming of these popular sisters, for in every way the accompaniment is excellent, and Eddie's piano-playing almost steals the Andrews's thunder! Mention of pianists brings the name Carmen Cavallaro to mind. He has in the past six years fully justified the faith Decca in the States put in him, and he plays *Night and Day* and Johnny Green's *Body and Soul* with imagination and a technique that suggests much more a very excellent bit of two-piano work rather than a single-handed arrangement. Both recordings are on Brunswick. R. T.

histrionic side. On all and every occasion they strike attitudes, vibrate, create, exaggerate, take offence; and, when suddenly murder descends among them. . . .

Agatha Troy, commissioned to paint Sir Henry's portrait, is at once bemused and intrigued by the gathering in which she finds herself: at Ancreton Manor (a vast neo-Gothic pile) the entire clan is assembled for Sir Henry's birthday. Troy is tensely awaiting her husband Roderick Alleyn's return to England after an absence of three years: it is to be her fate to be key witness in a case investigated by him. . . . One is reminded by passages in this book that Miss Marsh is herself a painter; and that she has also been on the stage. Having decided to write, she could not write better.



"Hunters at Grass," also by John Ferneley, is an Academy picture of 1850. It shows Sambo and Pilot, belonging to Lord Gardner, in a field, with their owner talking to the head groom in the background



James Robinson, who won six Derbys, with the Oaks once and the St. Leger twice thrown in for good weight, riding his pony on the Downs. A painting of 1826 by Richard Barrett Davis



"Clinker," a famous 'chaser' owned by Mr. Francis Holyoake, as depicted by John Ferneley in 1826. The background is rather more detailed than usual, but by no means subdues the horse's noble proportions





*Prittie — Cary*

*The marriage took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Major the Hon. Desmond Prittie, the Rifle Brigade, elder son of Major Lord Dunalley and Lady Dunalley, and Miss Philippa Cary, only child of Major the Hon. Philip Cary, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Cary, of 7, Sloane Street, S.W.*



*Clowes — Painter*

*Major Edward Bethell Garfit Clowes, the Queen's Royal Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Garfit Clowes, married Miss Doreen Constance Painter, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. G. W. Painter*



*Roberts — Easom*

*The Hon. William Herbert Mervyn Roberts, youngest son of Lord and Lady Clwyd, married Miss Eileen Margaret Easom, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Easom, of Hillside, Abergele, at St. Michael's, Abergele, North Wales*

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Alington — Morgan*

*Mr. John Winford Alington, M.C., only son of the Rev. Charles W. and Mrs. Alington, of Little Berkhamsted Rectory, Hertford, married Miss Penelope Morgan, youngest daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Morgan, of Buxhall Vale, near Stowmarket, Suffolk, at Buxhall Church*



*Shaw — Burrows*

*Mr. Donald Fletcher Shaw, youngest son of Sir William Fletcher Shaw, of 20, St. John's Street, Manchester, married Miss Sheila M. Burrows, younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Burrows, of Bonis Hall, Prestbury, Cheshire, at Prestbury Church*



*Crichton-Stuart — Evans*

*Lord Patrick Crichton-Stuart, fourth son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute, married Miss Linda Evans, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Evans, of Duffryn, St. Mellons, near Cardiff, in the private chapel at Mount Stuart, Isle of Bute*

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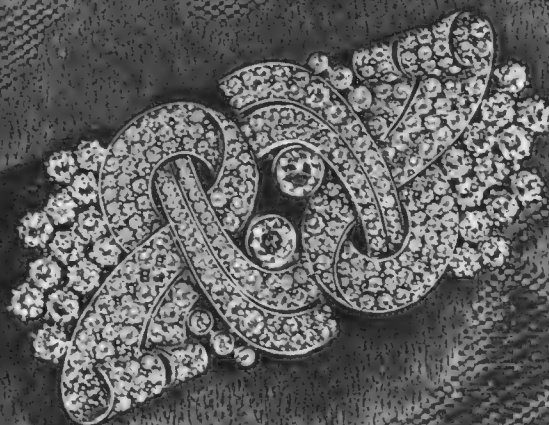
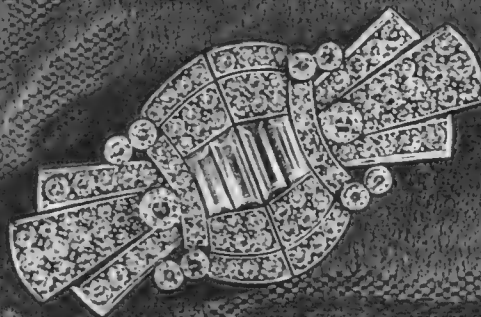
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## FASHION

## PAGE

by

Winifred

Lewis



Rayon crepe in a delightful navy-blue and white polka print ; the tiered front of the long tunic drapes at the side with a bow, price £6 17s. The screen printed two-piece suit, left, in Wedgwood blue and white, is £7 6s. Blanes models from Fenwicks of Bond Street

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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



**Miss Mary Le Bas**, of 71 Melbury Court, W.8, only daughter of the late Mr. H. E. Le Bas and Mrs. Le Bas of Chobham, Surrey, has become engaged to Capt. C. A. St. George, Coldstream Guards, elder son of the Marquis and Marchioness Zimmermann of St. George, of Malta



**Miss Hazel Ruth Titterton**, daughter of Commander and Mrs. G. A. Titterton of 17 Old Court Mansions, W.8, has announced her engagement to Mr. Alan W. L. White, only son of the late Lt.-Cmdr. E. N. L. White, R.N., and of Mrs. White, of 22 Holland Street, London, W.8



**Miss P. R. I. Fallowes**, youngest daughter of the late Col. F. H. Fallowes and Mrs. Fallowes of North Vancouver and 55 Park Lane, is to marry Mr. I. P. Godfrey, O.B.E., ex-Fleet Air Arm, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Godfrey of Blue Tiles, Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex



**The Hon. Helen Margaretta Maude**, only daughter of Major Viscount Hawarden and Viscountess Hawarden of Adisham, Canterbury, is this month marrying Mr. Peter Baxter, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Donald Baxter of the Old House, Milton-on-Stour



**Miss Victoria Ponsonby**, youngest daughter of Sir George Ponsonby, K.C.V.O., and Lady Ponsonby of Marnhull, Dorset, recently became engaged to Capt. Rupert Mahaffy, Irish Guards, son of the late Mr. R. P. Mahaffy and the Hon. Mrs. Mahaffy of Chislehurst, Kent



**Miss Mary Jean Straton-Bruce**, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Straton-Bruce of St. Andrews, Ashford, Middlesex, has announced her engagement to Capt. John Stewart James, elder son of the late Mr. J. C. James and Mrs. James of the Ridge, St. Leonards



## —the mystery

The workings of the mind of woman are beyond man's understanding. Why, ever supremely beautiful, she strives to make herself even lovelier is her own secret. Yet strive she does, and seems to prize facial beauty above all her charms. Which probably explains her choice of Personality Turtle Oil Soap as a certain means to her end.

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## Oliver Stewart ON FLYING

UNITY may be strength and it does sometimes seem that the only way to compete with the opposition of the growing Government departments which devote themselves to wet-blanketing everybody, is to set against them equally huge organizations. Yet it still does happen occasionally that independence is strength and it is this point that I want the Ultra-Light Aircraft Association people to consider.

They could merge themselves into the general personal flying movement and derive great benefits thereby. They would then enjoy the numerous advantages which the Royal Aero Club and its ramifications now offer.

Alternatively they could retain a large measure of independence. In order to do so they would have to fight their own battles, do all their own political wangling and their own begging. Yet I believe it might be the right course. If we remain short of money, the ultra-light aircraft will be, for many thousands, the only possible way of flying. That is a source of strength.

There may be, as yet, few signs of drastic economies in the aviation world. But there are, as yet, few signs of drastic economies in any field. They must come. And that will be the moment when ultra-light aviation will go ahead. It should retain its independence against the coming of that opportunity.

### Spitfire Secret

LITTLE comment was aroused by the revelation of a war secret; the secret of the Spitfire XXX Depth Charge. In fact although the whole thing was described by Mr. J. Smith in his remarkable paper before the Royal Aeronautical Society I only saw it mentioned in one daily paper.

It will be recalled that, soon after D-Day, there was a shortage of beer among the troops and Spitfires were detailed to convey beer across the Channel in their jettisonable tanks. But these tanks affected the taste of the beer—though there was never any suggestion that they raised its octane number.

The consequence was that a special modification was undertaken, under the official title of "Spitfire XXX Depth Charge," consisting of the design and fitting of crutches which would hold an ordinary eighteen-gallon beer cask to the bomb rack.

Smith's paper, by the way, was an exposition of the development of the Spitfire and of the hundreds of changes that were made in it during the course of the war. Although the Spitfire was changed so much, it never lost its character. I imagine the elliptical wings had something to do with it. And in fact, after the paper had been read, somebody asked if the elliptical shape was aerodynamically worth the additional structural difficulties. I gathered from Mr. Smith's reply that he did not think so. Yet it is established, I believe, that the aerodynamical advantages of the shape are appreciable. It was like Mitchell to put them before ease of construction.

### Parachutes For All

SINCE I made up my mind about whether parachutes ought to be carried by air liners, and came down on the side of the parachutes, I have had many letters on the subject. Far the greater number oppose my view. They argue that the use of parachutes by air passengers in an emergency is impracticable and that the fitting of them would merely have the effect of destroying confidence in air travel.

But the compulsory carrying of lifebelts and lifeboats in liners has not destroyed confidence in ocean travel. And I notice that nearly all my correspondents admit that the fitting of parachutes might save a few lives. "Two or three people might get out," says one writer, "but the rest would not have a hope." My whole point is that it is worth saving the "two or three."

Anyhow progress is moving faster than the critics, for increasing numbers of personal aeroplanes are being fitted with seat-type parachutes and if parachutes become general in personal machines, they will soon make their way into the air liners.

### The "Copters" Are Coming

So far Sikorsky has had the helicopter field in Great Britain almost to himself; but other designs are now on the way. Probably by the time these notes appear the much delayed first flight of the Bristol helicopter will have been made.

It looks rather like a Sikorsky and works on the same lines, with a torque rotor tail. But the rotor head and spider are more compact so that the rotor comes lower on top of the cabin. Incidentally the fullest details of this aircraft that have so far been given came out in an American magazine. When I went down and looked at it Mr. Hafner was absent and nobody else seemed to know anything about it.

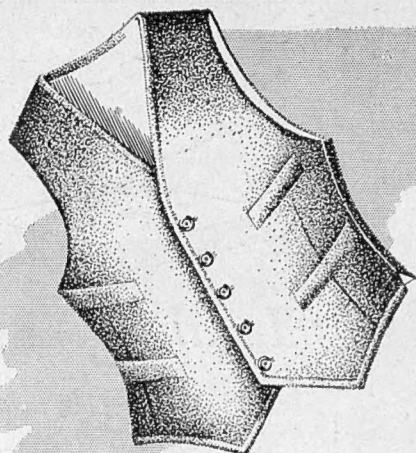
And then there is the project to make Bell helicopters over here. Irvin-Bell is the name of the company, but as yet I have few details of their plans.

It would be useful to have other designs flying, for although the Sikorsky is extremely good and is the first helicopter to prove itself as a practical production flying machine, progress will depend upon a sorting out process. It is especially important that jet helicopters should have a good chance, for the jet seems especially well adapted to use in a rotary wing aircraft.



S/Ldr. and Mrs. Michael W. Coombes after their wedding at Cambridge. Mrs. Coombes was formerly Miss Carmel Hodge, only daughter of Lt.-Col. A. Hodge, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Hodge of Bracken Dale, Shelford Bottom, Cambs

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**F**ITNESS for your daily task depends not only on regular sleep, but also on the quality of that sleep. To help you to enjoy sleep of the best kind, drink a cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' every night at bedtime.

The soothing, comforting influence of 'Ovaltine' makes you quickly receptive to sleep, and its concentrated easily digested nourishment does much to restore strength and energy while you sleep.

'Ovaltine' is prepared from Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs—and provides important nutritive elements required to build up body, brain and nerves to a high degree of efficiency.

That is why 'Ovaltine' sleep is so invigorating and why it will help you to awake in the morning refreshed, clear-eyed, cheerful and confident—ready to work with renewed zest.



P676A

# BOOTH'S DRY GIN



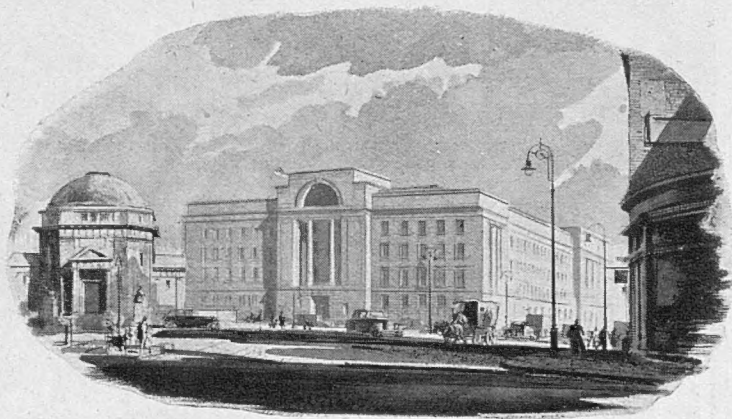
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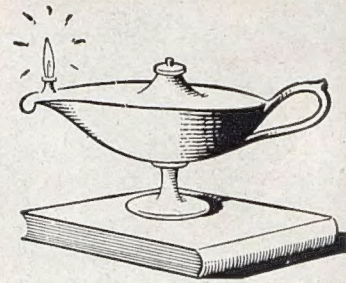
To those who are sick with 'flu, biliousness or in febrile conditions—a renewed recommendation to take Lembar: it will do you good. To the rest of the community, who are mainly sick of being patient—a promise of Lembar for general consumption as soon as possible: Meanwhile, please don't broach your bottle until illness entitles you to do so.

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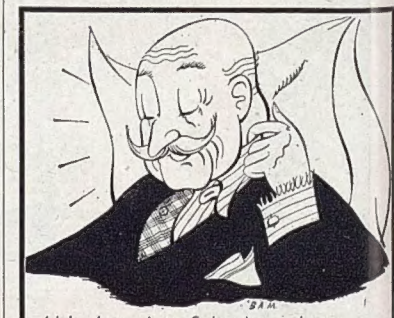
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